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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 221.—Vol. XVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 26, 1908 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON

One of the patronesses of a ball to be given at the Ritz Hotel on March 2 in aid of the funds of the Children's League of Kindness, the object of which is to help cases of child distress or need in South London. She is a daughter of Mr. G. S. Yuill, and married Lord Portarlington last year

No. 221.—Vol. XVII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE. THE BELLE OF THE BALL.
TOPSY SINDEN, FRED FARREN, etc.
ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, CONSTANCE COLLIER, etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Stamp Collector's Annual, 1908." Edited by Percy C. Bishop. (Nissen: 1*s.* net.)
"Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanac, 1908." (Ayres, Ltd.: 1*s.*)
"Enthetic Diseases." By Robert Reid Rentoul. (Scott Publishing Company: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Dancing Leaves." By Gertrude Warden. (Ward Lock: 6*s.*)
"Mothers in Israel." By J. S. Fletcher. (Murray: 6*s.*)
"Sesame and Lilies." By John Ruskin. (Grant Richards' Penny Classics: 1*d.*)
"The Merchant of Venice." Grant Richards' Penny Classics: 1*d.*)
"The New Transvaal." By M. C. Bruce. (Rivers: 1*s.* net.)
"Sarah's Mother." By L. T. Meade. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"The Chichester Intrigue." (Lane: 6*s.*)
"Goya." By A. F. Calvert. (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Windsor." Painted by G. M. Henton and described by Sir R. R. Holmes, R.C.V.O. (Black: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Not Proven." By Alice and Claude Askew. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"The Bad Times." By George A. Birmingham. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Virgin Widow." By Randal Charlton. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"On Nothing and Kindred Subjects." By Hilaire Belloc. (Methuen: 5*s.*)
"Flower o' the Grange." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Let Erin Remember." By May Wynne. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Beatrix of Clare." By John Reed Scott. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

"The Truth About the Navy"

Owing to the great number of requests we have received from our readers for copies of the caricatures on naval life by E. G. O. Beuttler, called "The Truth About the Navy," we have decided to issue one hundred special sets of the 9 drawings.

The drawings will be published at the size of 9in. by 6in.

More than Double the Size at which they Appeared in "The Bystander,"

and the proofs will be hand-pulled on the best paper in sepia double-toned ink, with stiff card mounts. These sets will be sold at the price of 12s. 6d. per set, postage paid. We shall be pleased to supply sets in oak frames at the price of 25s. the set, carriage paid to any part. As the number of sets is strictly limited to one hundred, and the moiety have already been applied for, intending purchasers should write at once, enclosing cheque or postal order to

THE MANAGER,
FINE ART DEPARTMENT,
"THE GRAPHIC,"
190, STRAND, W.C.,

marking "Navy Set" in left-hand corner of envelope.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday February 26. 1908

A rumour is now on foot that even if the Prime Minister decides to go to the House of Lords, Unionists will not regard this as a sufficient reason for supporting the Government in an attack on that House.

* * *

Considering the prevalence of influenza, it is little wonder that so many diplomatists are referring to the Mürstzeg Agreement as the Bursteg Agreement.

* * *

Owing to the losses sustained in the Crown Jewel robbery, some of the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick are said to be reduced to borrowing collars, for the investiture of Lord Castletown on the 29th. Moved by this, "Mother of Ten" writes to us:—"So sorry for poor Knights. Would you tell them that economical substitutes can easily be cut out of stiff paper as per pattern. Also, cuffs and 'dickies' if required?" We shall be happy to forward patterns to any nobleman forwarding stamped addressed envelope. They should try and look as nice as they can for Lord C.'s sake.

* * *

A band of Suffragettes has now started in New York under the leadership of a Mrs. Boerman Wells. They have not so far met with any great success, but all are agreed that their leader could scarcely have been more happily named.

* * *

A Court of Appeal has decided that tips are earnings, and, now, the guest at a country house who, before leaving, presses five pounds into the hand of the dignified butler has, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that the butler has earned that sum. One had an uncomfortable feeling that the man had it because one hadn't the moral courage to pass him otherwise. But that was a mistake, of course. One was really quite brave, and merely paying the man for—well—for allowing one to visit one's friends. He might have forbidden the footman to open the door.

* * *

Now that the *Times* has started "wireless" news from New York, newspaper enterprise seems to have reached a point from which it will be difficult to make any advance. The only difficulty about the ordinary cables has been that they were occasionally liable to be contradicted later. But the "wireless" will also, no doubt, be "liarless."

* * *

The L.C.C. has three hundred old horse-tramway-cars for sale, and an official says they are excellent for house-boats or bungalows. We have never seen them at Henley ourselves, but no doubt they would do very nicely there, as, of course, anything does for a bungalow. Fitted with pneumatic tyres and a 70 h.-p. engine, we have no doubt they would make capital motors, and Mr. Farman could very likely fix wings that would take one to Manchester and back. A good man in front would turn one of these into a stout vessel for a Polar expedition (which we would rather not accompany), and a strong man could use a couple for roller-skates. What a capital sky-scraper the whole lot on end would make, and what a joy to know that you would not have to take a ticket every time you entered! Drawn by Mr. Vanderbilt's skewbald trotters along the Brighton road, they would repopulate that Sussex Cannes, and—— But why should we advertise them like this? We are not L.C.C. officials.

His Way of Putting It

THE LADY: "Have you breakfasted, M'sieur?"
MONSIEUR: "No, M'selle, no—on ze contraire"
By F. JOWETT DODGE

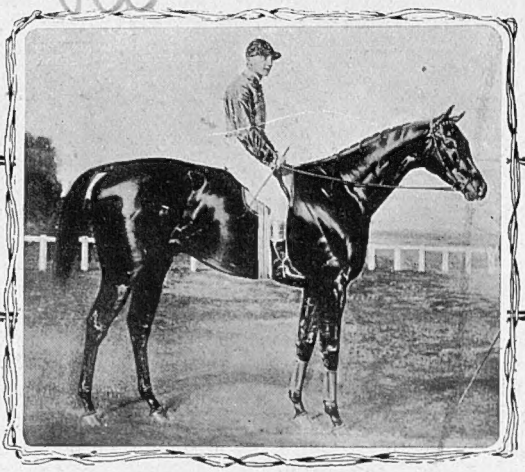
* * *

Last week the Suffragettes had their self-denial week, and as an instance of the whole-hearted way in which they embarked on it, it was observed that a young lady announced her intention of visiting various West End clubs for the purpose of singing in order to raise funds. The principal item on her programme was, we are informed, "Abide with me." What response she obtained has not been announced.

* * *

A bill authorising the military authorities to claim for use all such automobiles as may be useful for service with the Army has been laid before the French Chamber. Boadicea's success with a comparatively slow horse-drawn machine seems to justify the hope that a modern car may, in time, even compete with the Maxim for general utility.

Racing Notions



The Death of Persimmon

All good sportsmen will sympathise with the King in the loss of his magnificent Derby winner, Persimmon, who died last week. Our picture is reproduced from a painting in the Jockey Club Rooms, Newmarket

Photo *Sport and General*

GRAND NATIONAL OUTLOOK. BY CARBINE

Waiting for France!

We are now within a month of the great Liverpool Steeplechase, yet nobody seems in a hurry to back his fancy for the race. We have seen certain quotations in the papers, but readers can be assured from my own personal observation that in the Beaufort Club and elsewhere very little substantial business has yet been transacted, either on the Spring handicaps or on the Derby. When will a real start be made? Well, in the case of the Lincolnshire Handicap, I don't think there will be any real betting yet awhile, because people are waiting to see what M. Ephrussi is going to do with Monitor. It should be remembered that the French colt is engaged in three of the Spring handicaps—the Lincoln, the Newbury Cup, and the City and Suburban—and it may be just possible that M. Ephrussi will wait for the Epsom race. In any case, a great deal depends upon his decision. Everybody recognises that Monitor is a good colt—the way he won at Ascot was quite sufficient to show that. We are rather nervous of the Frenchman after two successive victories at Lincoln, and so the racing world waits for France. Until we know something definite about Monitor, the Lincoln betting will not settle down. If the French colt should eventually be sent to England and receive the support of his owner, he is likely to be as good a favourite as anything.

Grand National Prospects

With regard to the Grand National, the issue seems to be more straightforward. The majority of the horses which accepted have been seen in public recently. Wolf's Folly and Leinster, both of them of doubtful soundness, are notable exceptions, but the last-named will run at Sandown if Sir Charles Nugent thinks his leg will stand the strain, and during the next fortnight we may expect to hear of some big wagering on the National. It has been estimated by a painstaking statistician that every horse who starts for the National does so with odds of rather more than 2 to 1 against his completing the course. Every year we find that only about eight out of twenty or more runners manage to pass the winning post. This ought to be enough to frighten backers from the race But it doesn't. The National is one of the biggest betting events of the year, and all the disasters associated with the contest only serve to make people keener than ever on finding the winner.

Concerning Tom West

When I dealt with the big steeplechase in these pages just after the appearance of the weights, I made Tom West my advance selection. Three weeks have elapsed, and I see no reason for changing my opinion. Something, of course, may happen to cause me to do so on the day of the race; but up to the present I really do think that Tom West is a genuine thing. Some may say "But he was easily beaten at Leicester." Well, I saw him there, and I considered that he ran uncommonly well in spite of being as fat as the proverbial pig. One thing is certain—the horse who is to win the National does not need to be in top condition in the middle of February. Mr. Bletsoe knows that well enough, for he has already trained one Grand National winner. He is giving Tom West an orthodox preparation, and, barring accidents, will have the horse in perfect fettle on March 27. The shire of Northampton will be on him to a man.

An Unrecorded Incident

It must be remembered that Tom West would have won last year with the splendid Eremon out of the way. There is a little history connected with that performance which is not generally known. For weeks the Northamptonshire horse had been quietly fancied and backed by those connected with him, and on the morning of the race they stood to win a very big stake. But at the eleventh hour they found to their dismay that the horse was off colour. He did not give the usual satisfaction in his final gallop, and when this became known to the people who were most substantially interested, some of them reluctantly but prudently made arrangements to hedge a part of their money. Yet Tom West ran grandly after all. When known to be not top-hole, he finished second. Remembering all this, one is inclined to think well of the chances of Mr. Hardy's 'chaser this year.

Selections

Regarding this week's racing, my selections are **Onward** for the Budbrooke Hurdle Race at Warwick on Wednesday, and **Lustleigh** for the Wellesbourne Hurdle Race on the following day. **Venetian** looks like a good thing for the Spring Hurdle Race at Newbury on Friday.

The Blue Ribbon of the Leash,

Scenes at the Waterloo Cup Meeting at Altcar

The Crowd Watching the Sport

Despite the bad weather during almost the entire meeting, the crowds each day created a record, and fully gave the lie to the reports that public interest in coursing is declining

The Winner of the Cup

Mr. Edward Hulton's Hallow Eve

The Runner-up for the Cup

The Countess of Sefton's Silhouette, beaten in the final by Hallow Eve

Photos

Among the Spectators

On the right is Sir R. W. B. Jardine, the owner of Long Span, last year's winner, beaten in the semi-final by Hallow Eve

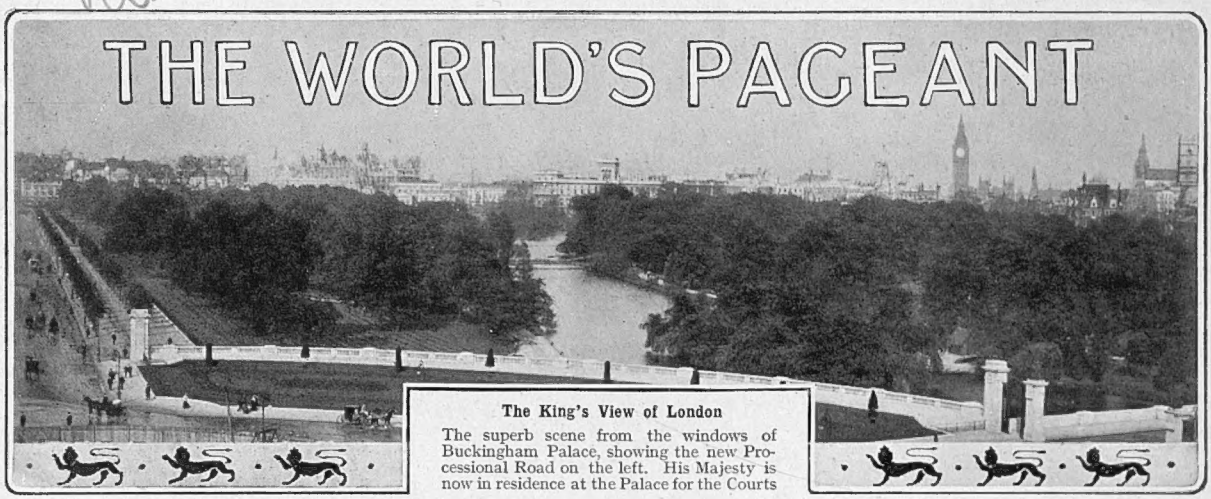
Topical Agency

Two Well-known Coursing Enthusiasts

Duke of Leeds chatting with Mrs. Tilney (who is wearing a panther-skin coat)

For many years will the Waterloo Cup Meeting of 1908 be remembered for the startling victory of Hallow Eve, a third string. It was quite expected that last year's winner, Sir Robert Jardine's Long Span, would repeat his success, but both this dog and the other favourite, Bachelor's Acre were defeated in the semi-finals. Hallow Eve's owner, Mr. E. Hulton is the proprietor of the *Manchester Sporting Chronicle* and other newspapers

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT



The King's View of London

The superb scene from the windows of Buckingham Palace, showing the new Processional Road on the left. His Majesty is now in residence at the Palace for the Courts

Photo *Clarke and Hyde*

The King's Levée

The King, having returned to Town very much the better for his week's stay at Brighton, opened a series of important Court functions on Wednesday last with a Levée at St. James's Palace, at which the Prince of Wales was also present. The ceremony was attended by many members of the Cabinet, the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, and the usual officials of the Household. A bulky list of presentations was got through.

* * *

Opening the Season

On the following night their Majesties held their first Court at Buckingham Palace—an event which served as a kind of official opening for the early, before-Easter season. At this inaugural function, the qualification "diplomatic and official" is observed with some closeness, and the result is a far more distinguished gathering than assembles for the other Courts, at which the niceties of the social chart are not marked out with so fine a pen. This note of distinction was aided, rather than hindered, by the number of black, white, or grey dresses worn in accordance with the Court mourning regulations, though these had been relaxed for the benefit of ladies who had already ordered colours. White, naturally, was in considerable favour, and among its wearers were Lady Portsmouth, Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, and Lady Marjorie Sinclair. After the Court there were several private supper parties—a growing fashion, much more comfortable than

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

ROYALTY'S SUPPORT OF CHARITY

The Princess of Wales (centre) with, on either side, Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, at the Steinway Hall Concert in aid of the Clergy Seaside Rest at Margate. £400 was subscribed

New York—Paris by Motor

THE START FOR THE 21 000 MILE RACE IN WHICH BRITAIN IS *NOT* COMPETING

Montague Roberts

The American competitor in the Thomas car, which is leading at the time of going to press

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

THE SIX COMPETING CARS LEAVING "TIMES" SQUARE, NEW YORK, ON THE 12th INST.

About 50,000 people assembled to see the start of this remarkable race, which is to cross America, and then, via the Behring Straits, to traverse Asia and Europe. The nations represented are France (3 cars), Italy (1 car), Germany (1 car), and America (1 car). Britain is not competing- too dignified, no doubt, to advertise her manufactures in this vulgar, if particularly effective fashion. The cars, from left to right, are the Zust (Italy), Protos (Germany), and De Dion (France)

Tribute to the Portuguese Regicides

scrambling for the stand-up affair provided at the Palace. The second Court takes place next Friday night, and on the following Monday the Court goes out of mourning.

* * *

An Engagement Contradicted

Several announcements have appeared at intervals in London journals concerning the engagement of Lady Theodosia Acheson. I am requested by her father, the Earl of Gosford, to give the statement emphatic denial. She has never been engaged to anyone, and the announcement has been frequently contradicted.

* * *

In the Name of Charity

One of the entertainments of the week to which it was the right thing to go was the charity matinee of

Photo *L.E.A.*

Sympathy with King Carlos's Assassins: Wreaths on the Graves of Regicides!

Portugal, as a whole, does not, apparently, share the rest of the world's horror at the recent assassinations. Regular pilgrimages are made to the graves of the regicides, and wreaths placed on them by sympathisers. The police do not seem to interfere with this disloyal conduct

She Stoops to Conquer at the Playhouse. The Princess of Wales was present, most of the programme-sellers, as well as the audience, were titled ladies—men, somehow, do not flock to these afternoon shows—and £450 was raised for the Children's Happy Evenings. So far, so good. Everyone must be glad that the children should have £450 worth of happy evenings. But it struck me as I pondered, during an interval, upon the excellent acting I had been watching—where do the actors come in? They were having a very busy afternoon, but they were not taking anything back with them to help towards a happy evening. Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, it is true, got a silver mug, but the rest of the company were expected to, and did, perform for nothing. That is the custom, in the sacred cause of charity. Translated, it means that the hat is passed round to these working men and women, some of them conceivably hard up, just as surely as it is passed round to the members of the audience. Of course, they can refuse to act, but that means disobliging someone, and it is often expensive to be disobliging. Another charity entertainment of the week honoured by the patronage of the Princess was that at the Steinway Hall in aid of the Clergy Seaside Rest at Margate.

* * *

"C.B.": Mr. Asquith Premier?

The latest reports as to the Premier's health are disquieting, and cause grave anxiety to his friends and admirers. The complaint with which he is stricken—*angina pectoris*—is extremely painful, and a grave outcome is feared. Should the Premier linger, his return to public life is out of the question. People are generally prepared to see Mr. Asquith take over the post. He is strong, virile, masterful, though not a tithe as popular as "C.-B." However, he stands for something definite in politics, and that is, after all, what the nation wants in its Prime Minister, whether Liberal or Tory.

* * *

Cats Out of the Bag

The Education Bill, introduced on Monday night by Mr. M'Kenna, seems full of the sweet spirit of compromise, though, apparently, the Churchmen are by no means satisfied. "Simple Bible teaching" in the schools hardly settles the vexed question of parents' rights. As to the Licensing Bill, I do not know yet how far it will go towards appeasing the Teetotal fanatics. If any distance, then Mr. Asquith's leadership opens inauspiciously. The "simple Bible" and the cold-water bottle! What weapons with which to fight the Tariff Reformer and the Socialist with their specious, but picturesque,

Miss Botha's Wedding

SATURDAY'S INTERESTING CEREMONY IN THE DUTCH CHURCH IN AUSTIN FRIARS

The Bridegroom
Photo

Dr. Clifford
Illustrations Bureau

DR. CLIFFORD ADDRESSES THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

Great interest has been manifested in every quarter with regard to the wedding of Mr. Crawford Hawkin, the secretary of the Eighty Club, and Miss Marie Botha, the sister of the famous Boer general, now Prime Minister of the Transvaal. The ceremony took place in the famous Dutch Church in Austin Friars, which was crowded for the occasion. Besides the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, were present the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Asquith, Lord Carrington, Lord and Lady Courtney, the Dean of Hereford, and the Archdeacon of London. The ceremony was performed by Dr. S. Baart de la Faille, who was assisted by the Rev. Edward Hawkin, the bridegroom's father, and the Rev. Dr. Clifford, who concluded the ceremony with an eloquent address. The bride was given away by Sir Richard Solomon, Agent-General for the Transvaal, but owing to Miss Botha's recent illness, no reception was held

Lord Rosebery's Daughter-Hostess

promises! If the Government had been wise, they would have given Chadband the last, not the first, place in their programme. He hath no music in his soul: he is fit only for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and should have been exclusively reserved for those purposes.

* * *

"I Don't Like Office!"

It is known that several members of the present Cabinet would be very glad if they could resign. Frankly, they don't like office — any more than a naughty child likes Sunday. Liberal Ministers don't have nearly so good a time as Tories. The latter are allowed to do all sorts of naughty things, only to be admired for their "sperrit." They can make wars, and attractive treaties, seize other people's countries, build ships and enlist armies, and nobody objects for ever so long. It is what they were expected to do, and why should they not do it? But the wretched Liberal is not permitted to play these games. It's always Sunday with him. Prowling about after him, wherever he goes, is some dreary, sour-faced person to tell him "he mustn't." If he wants to do anything, he must do something elevating and worthy and respectable —not play noisy, boisterous Imperial games, but quiet ones like Education, or Licensing, or Retrenchment, and if he wants a change he can always talk about poor dear good Mr. Cobden. Some of the present Government, who came in as Liberal Imperialists, thought that they would be able to play the same games as the horrid Tories. But those who opened the playground won't let them. The sooner, therefore, they're allowed to go to bed the better will they be pleased, for there, at all events, one can dream.

* * *

"The Times" Out of Joint

What is to become of the poor old *Times*? The Pearson scheme, prematurely disclosed by the newspaper of a rival organisation, is now definitely off. There are other purchase projects, one of them run by Mr. Moberly Bell, who I am glad to see denies emphatically that there are any American financiers up his street. The use of American money for the control of an English newspaper, especially so national an institution as the *Times*, is very much to be deprecated. Besides, the dollars seem to spell failure over here rather than success. Look at the sad case of the *Tribune*, recently defunct. Look at the many other enterprises — theatrical, maritime, dietetic — in which Americans thought they were going to shunt old England, and have got rather shunted themselves instead. The *Times* now actually stands in some danger of being put up to public auction, to be sold to the highest bidder. That would be a greater misfortune—*pace* Mr. Moberly Bell and his militant staff—than purchase by Mr. Pearson, who, though he does run a successful halfpenny newspaper, is a Wykehamist, and is beginning to be proud of the fact. So far as I can see, the only thoroughly satisfactory solution will be for the *Times* to be acquired by the Government, and run by the Treasury and the Foreign Office staffs in combination. The price could then be either raised to sixpence or lowered to a halfpenny — it really wouldn't much matter.

* * *

Lady Sybil Grant

A daughter of Lord Rosebery, who acts as that famous statesman's hostess in town and out of it

Photo *Bacon*

A Pretty Little Train-Bearer

Lettice, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Rowland Burdon, of the Castle, Castle Eden, who acted as train bearer to Miss Dorothy Armytage, at her wedding to Mr. Halford Dawes, at York last week

Photo *Lafayette*

Miss Dorothy Armytage

Married to Mr. Halford Dawes, at York last week

Lady Sybil Grant

Lady Sybil Grant, the eldest daughter of Lord Rosebery, is not only very like her father in appearance, but has inherited much of his ready wit and sense of humour. She generally goes to Dalmeny in the autumn to pay him a visit of some length. Lord Rosebery, having been left a widower quite early in his married life, devoted himself to his children, and he has always liked to have them with him as much as possible. He almost always has one or other of his daughters acting as hostess for him, whether he is in Town or in the country. Lady Sybil Grant's husband, Captain Grant, is a young Coldstream Guardsman, who served with distinction in the South African War. They have one child, a boy.

Sweeping Sarcasm

SCENE: ON THE WAY TO ST. STEPHEN'S

SWEEPER TO NEWLY ELECTED M.P. (*who has passed somewhat pompously*): "If I'd only *known* yer was comin', I'd 'ave 'ad a red baize cawpet laid dahn"

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

After Roosevelt—Taft?

The Great Mr. Taft—

Mr. Taft—or, to speak of him in approved Republican fashion, William Howard Taft—is undoubtedly one of the biggest men in American politics to-day. The double meaning is patent at a glance. For the War Secretary weighs more than twenty stone, and it was currently reported, soon after his appointment to that post, that a specially strong chair had to be built for him before he thought it safe to attend the meetings of the Cabinet. He has tried riding to get his weight down, and here again rumour has invented a couple of officers specially detailed by the War Department to get him a mount, discovering a large enough one after searching half a dozen States, and then riding it together to get it into training. But he is not a good rider—is said, indeed, to be almost as poor a one as his personal friend the President.

* * *

—And the Presidency

Mr. Taft is hand in glove with Mr. Roosevelt, for whose successor in the Presidency he is very widely named, and would, it is thought, carry out his policy if elected. But Mr. Taft, say those who ought to know, would get better backing than his friend. He would receive that support from the Corporations which would be denied to the Trust-busting Roosevelt, and this on the ground that his long career on the bench makes it believed that he would be conservative in his policy. He was only a judge of the Circuit Court, it may be remembered, when he was suddenly asked to go to Manila as President of the Philippine Commission, in which capacity he had much to do with the creation of the over-sea policy of the Republic. Since then he has been on several long diplomatic journeys; only a couple of months ago, indeed, he returned from what was to have been a world-tour, curtailed by his mother's illness. In all his travels he is accompanied by a young Filipino, his devoted body-servant, who was once his rickshaw-boy in Manila, and followed him to America at the cost of considerable hardship. Hearty and jovial, Mr. Taft is a man to inspire much personal affection. But there is iron beneath the velvet, all the same.

Photo *Hamilton*

The Next U.S. President?

Mr. William Howard Taft, at present Minister of War, and Mrs. Taft. Mr. Taft is the "heavy man" of the political world over the other side, though whether he is going to be adopted by the Republicans as candidate in succession to Mr. Roosevelt is yet undecided. Even if he is, he has Mr. Bryan "up against" him for the Democrats, and Mr. Bryan counts for something now, after the disasters which have followed the Roosevelt financial policy

* * *

The Disturbed Concert

That "concert of Europe" which so frequently gets out of tune in its not altogether amatory serenades to the Sultan, has once more struck an ugly discord. The trouble has arisen, first and foremost, in a matter of railways. Austria, while acting with Russia as a kind of spokesman of the Powers in urging reforms upon the Porte, has suddenly obtained on her own behalf a concession enabling her to join the Bosnian with the Macedonian railway systems, and thus run direct to Salonika. The advantages of such communication with a Turkish port are obviously immense—for Austria. And incidentally, of course, for Germany. But the other nations concerned do not see the thing in quite the same light. It is pointed out, for one thing, that the nation which has just received a back-stairs favour of the Sultan is hardly likely to join heartily in bringing pressure to bear upon him. But the question of the railway is in itself sufficiently disquieting to disturb the harmony.

* * *

Break Up of the Concert: Who Plays Solo?

The situation, if it has produced nothing else, has given Europe, at least one joke. The Sultan is reported to have said that "nothing would distress him more than anything tending to cause friction among the great Powers!" The laugh over, the question remains. The concert broken up, who is going to play the solo part of the Macedonian Reform Concerto? Great Britain? So the Macedoniacs in our midst fondly hope. But Sir Edward Grey is not

"Trouble in the Balkans"

Photo *Topical Agency*

Left to right: The Crown Princess, Princess Elizabeth, M. Shirdza, the Prime Minister, and the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva)

MEMBERS OF THE ROUMANIAN ROYAL FAMILY AT A REVIEW OF TROOPS IN BUCHAREST

Roumania is again in the public eye in connection with the new Balkan crisis. Russia's proposed railway from the Danube to the Adriatic would place the kingdom in a much-desired communication with the Southern seas, and would, therefore, be of material advantage to her

Lectures as a Change from Bridge

likely to do it. Nothing could better please Germany than that Britain should again come to loggerheads with Turkey. To add that great military Power to the broken Triple Alliance would be a masterstroke for the Kaiser, and a threatening policy on our part might very easily consummate such an arrangement. The Tabah incident showed us that Turkey makes a troublesome enemy. England cannot, for all the Macedonian Reforms in the world, risk at the present juncture, when disaffection is rife in India, a quarrel with the Ottoman Caliph. But she might, very easily, delegate the soloist duties to Russia, with whom, thanks to the Asiatic Treaty, we are no longer at enmity.

* * *

Are We Growing Simple?

Is Society becoming simpler and more elemental? Many of us have taken to vegetable food, and some even to vegetable clothing. Our boots are growing squarer-toed, and our souls, perhaps, are broadening too. There are two signs of the times that lend especial point at the moment, though in very different ways, to the question. In the drawing-room of her London house in Stratton Street, Piccadilly, Mrs. Carl Meyer wife of the famous financier and art patron, is starting, not Bridge parties or some other form of time-killer, but a regular course of lectures on social problems. The subjects dealt with, I hasten to add, will not include, say, how to secure a card for a duchess's dance, or gracefully decline an M.V.O. They are to be plain, pitiful questions of the working world, and will be expounded by representatives of such bodies as the Women's Trade Union League and the National Union of Women Workers. The small Society, with a large

Photo *Lafayette*

Lady Girouard

Wife of Sir Percy Girouard, the High Commissioner in Northern Nigeria, to whom she was married at Pretoria in 1903. She is a daughter of Sir Richard Solomon, of Transvaal fame

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

Mrs. Carl Meyer

Now organising a series of lectures on problems of the day at her house in Stratton Street, W. She is the wife of the well-known financier and art patron

A PIONEER OF THE SOCIETY LECTURE

S, is, in fact, to sit for the nonce at the feet of the great one which writes itself in plain type.

* * *

Sicilianism in Society

Meanwhile, we are already having the opportunity of studying the elemental in life from another aspect, in the remarkable acting of the Sicilian players. It is their naturalism, the stripping of all conventional restraints from the expression of primitive passions, that has captured London. Admiration has reached such a point that one only hopes it will stop short of its proverbially sincerest form of expression. Sicilianism on the stage, possibly also in Sicily itself, is splendid and picturesque. In London it might, of course, simplify matters a good deal, but it would also be just a little uncomfortable. For one thing, our furniture is not built to stand Sicilian methods of love-making. Sir Gorell Barnes, too, would be deprived of the bulk of his cases through the sudden decease of the principals. We are not quite ripe yet for simple life *à la Sicilienne*.

* * *

A Gilded Coachman

One of the events of the season, both from a social and from a sporting point of view, will be the attempt of Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt upon the London and Brighton record. He is not up against the Stock Exchange walkers. The American millionaire does not favour that musty method of progress; one of them, indeed, is credibly reported to bicycle between his strokes at golf. Nevertheless, his choice of vehicle pays a delicate compliment to old-world customs and traditions. He will pit the best coach and horses that America can produce against our own coaching giants of the past, and try to go one better than us on our own ground. Incidentally, he may help to

Mr. Vanderbilt and the Road Record

revive the somewhat faded glories of "the road." For his run between the Hotel Victoria and Brighton is expected to extend over at least six weeks, and it is by no means unlikely that his well-advertised enterprise will find imitators.

* * *

Well Advertised

Not the least of the advertisements will be Mr. Vanderbilt himself. Young, tall, really well-dressed, he will make a figure on the box apart from the *succès d'estime* of his name and wealth, while the fact that he is a cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, and is married to a sister of Lady Cheylesmore, will doubtless help to swell the throng of American summer visitors who will beset the Victoria at the hours of starting and return. Already the eighty fast American trotters which are to form his relays, have been shipped to London, among them the famous greys which had such a success at the horse show at Olympia. His "The Venture" is the last word in coaches, and the liveries of his men will be record-breakers in their own way. The time Mr. Vanderbilt wants to beat is that of 7 hrs. 50 mins. for the double journey of 104 miles, made by the late "Jim" Selby with the "Old Times," and he has booked a useful ally for his task in Selby's old guard, who will come to him from the service of Mrs. Ballard, formerly Lady Maple.

Photo *Lafayette*

Lady Clonmell (formerly Miss Rachel Berridge of the stage)

She is now a devotee of outdoor sport, and is here shown at a meet of the Kilkenny at Newtown

* * *

A Sporting Peeress

The Countess of Clonmell is one of the rapidly growing company of actress-peeresses, for before her marriage, seven years ago, she was on the stage as Miss Rachel Estelle Berridge. Lord and Lady Clonmell

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

TO REVIVE THE GLORIES OF THE ROAD

Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt driving his famous team of greys, with which he is this season to compete for the London-Brighton record—at present 7 hrs. 50 min. both ways (104 miles), made by the late "Jim" Selby with the "Old Times"

Warriors as Peace-Preservers

AUSTRALIA'S SAILOR AND SOLDIER GOVERNORS

The Governors of West Australia and Victoria at Fremantle

In front: Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, G.C.B. (West Australia)
Behind: Major-Gen. the Hon. Sir R. Talbot, K.C.B. (Victoria)

Photo *Thomson*

Admiral Sir Harry Holdsworth Rawson, K.C.B.

Whose term of office as Governor of New South Wales has been extended. He conducted the bombardment of Zanzibar in 1896, and was for three years in command of the Channel Squadron

The Government House, Sydney, New South Wales

Australia is rich in the possession, as Governors of her States, of fighting servants of the Crown. Our photographs above are of three such. The Governors of New South Wales and Western Australia are admirals both, while his Excellency of Victoria is a major-general

Still Civilising those Darkies!

live a very quiet, retired life, and are not much seen or heard of in London. They devote a good deal of their time to sport, Lord Clonmell being a typical Irishman in his keenness in out-of-door pursuits. He is a good shot, and when on the Riviera goes in for the pigeon-shooting competitions at Monte Carlo. An interesting historic memory attaches to his fine estate at Bishop's Court, near Straffan, in County Kildare, for it was at the entrance to the demesne that Daniel O'Connell and D'Esterre fought their famous duel a century ago, in which D'Esterre was mortally wounded.

* * *

An Empire Builder at Home

Lady Girouard, the wife of one of our empire-builders, has a fresh tie with the mother-country now that her father, Sir Richard Solomon, has been appointed Agent-General for the Transvaal in London. Sir Percy Girouard himself is at present in London on a few months' leave, and has been lecturing to the Ladies' Empire Club on some aspects of that Nigerian kingdom to which his transcendent gifts as a railway engineer have helped him. Sometimes nicknamed "Bimbashi" in remembrance of his Egyptian exploits, Sir Percy helped Kitchener in his reconquest of Khartoum and evolved order from chaos in the railway work of the South African War. He is a French-Canadian, but, for his gallant deeds, we are eager to claim him as one of ourselves. Lady Girouard first met her husband while he was Commissioner of the Transvaal Railways at Pretoria.

As an aid to Diplomatic conversation

Mrs. Wallace and her daughter open negotiations with the King of Ankole, through the medium of THE BYSTANDER

Our Biggest Reader!

The King of Ankole, Central Africa, who, although only 22 years old, weighs 23 stone, and wears a 17 inch boot

* * *

Sailor Governors—

Whatever the value, or otherwise, of a naval training for European drawing-room diplomacy, there is no doubt that for the less-trammelled officialdom of the colonies the senior Service forms an excellent school. And one could hardly select a better or more successful type of the sailor turned Governor than Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, whose term in New South Wales has just been extended for another year. The colony is sincerely attached to Sir Harry, whose real geniality and total lack of "starch" are qualities highly appreciated. He has held big commands, and has a brilliant record of war service, but with all this roll of honour to scan, one's eyes still linger most upon that deed of his back in the 'sixties, when he plunged off his ship in the dead of night and saved a marine from drowning.

* * *

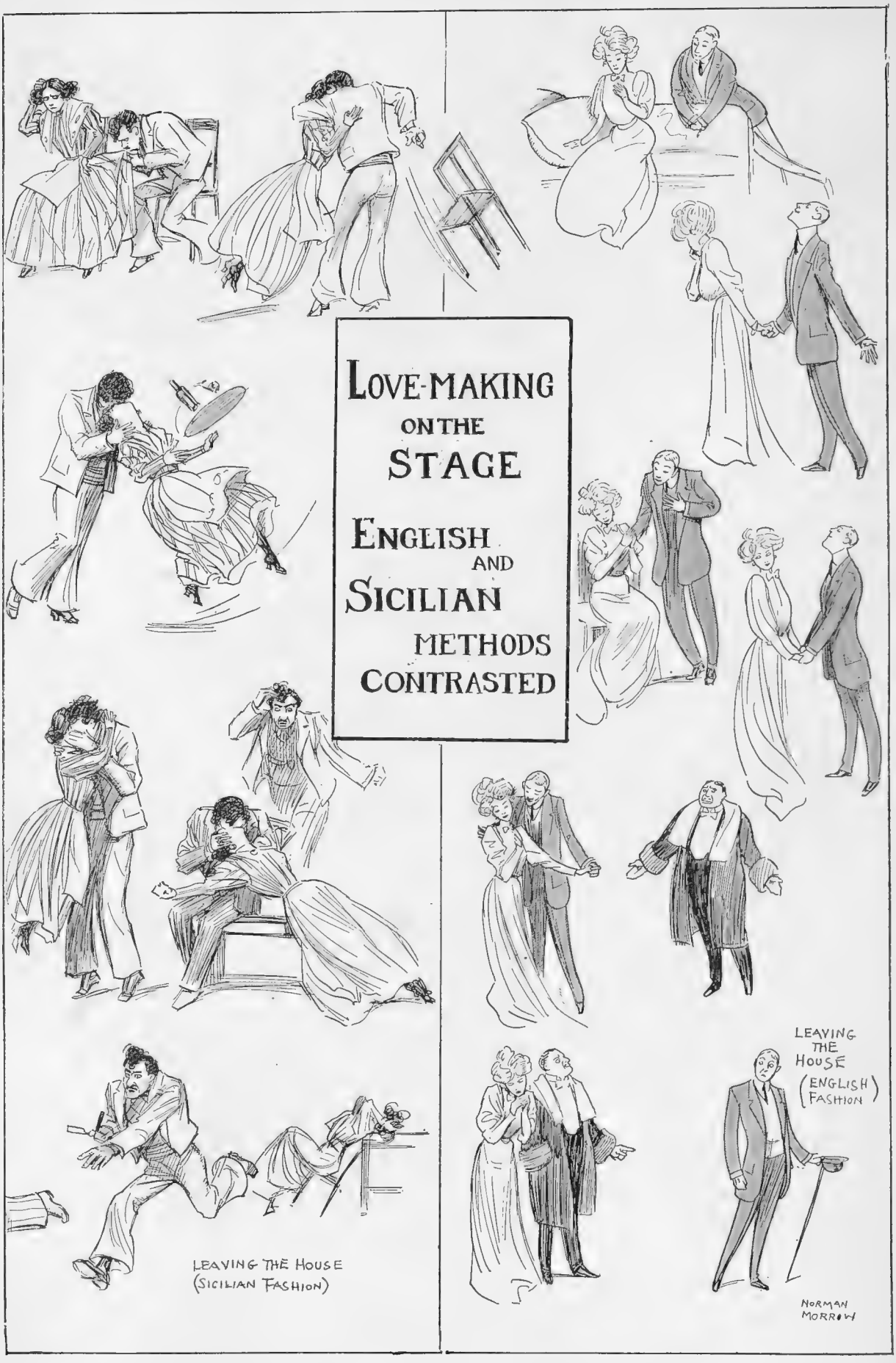
—And a Soldier

Another most distinguished sailor holds the reins of government in the vast tracts of Western Australia in the person of Admiral Sir Frederick George Bedford, a worthy descendant of naval stock whose record goes back to the Crimea. In Victoria, on the other hand, the Governor is a Guardsman-politician, for Sir Reginald Talbot, an uncle of Lord Shrewsbury, has commanded the 1st Life Guards, is now Colonel of the 3rd Dragoons, and also sat in Parliament for a number of years.

Photos] **Studying the fashions** *[Mrs. Wallace*

Some of the King's wives studying the pictures—particularly the ladies' dresses—in THE BYSTANDER

"THE BYSTANDER" AT THE "COURT" OF AN AFRICAN GIANT-KING

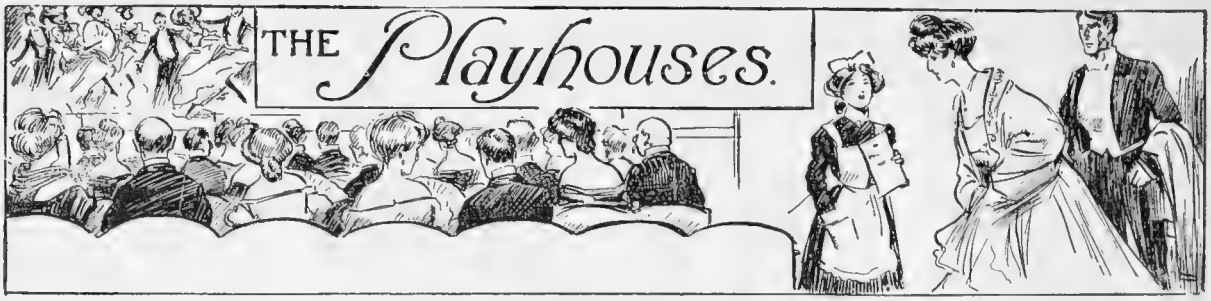


SICILIAN METHODS

ENGLISH METHODS

BY NORMAN MORROW

HE IS NOW BUSILY ENGAGED MAKING LONDON'S FLESH CREEP AND BLOOD BOIL AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, WHERE MR. NORMAN MORROW HAS MADE THE ABOVE SKETCH



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

TERRY'S THEATRE

"Rosmersholm"

Some people are annoyed when they cannot understand Ibsen; others are not. I am proud to rank myself in the latter category. I do not demand cut-and-dried explanations of all human acts. So those characters of Ibsen which baffle and irritate the materialist, the hard matter-of-fact man of the world in whom the spirit glimmers but feebly, fill me with a vague delight, no more to be analysed than the characters themselves.

People croak hoarsely and angrily about Ibsen's symbolism, his mysticism, his incomprehensibility. But why should they demand from him the exactness, the plainness, the purpose, the lack of which they will forgive in a poet or a composer?

A man would be called unreasonable who raged because passages in the book of Wagner were beyond his understanding. Yet such a man is allowed to vent his spleen because he fails to grasp passages in the word-music of Ibsen.

A piece of music exquisitely rendered sets one man thinking of his lost love, another of a good dinner. Yet no one calls into question the worth of the music because of these different effects. So if two men go from a play of Ibsen and fall to blows upon the pavement because of their antagonistic interpretations, I do not regard their fisticuffs as detracting from the genius of The Master. Ibsen speaks, and let little men gather what they can from their hearing.

Those whose vision of man as a rather tedious person with two legs will take no joy in *Rosmersholm*, in the perpetual crash of spirit between Rector Kroll, the practical, arrogant, self-opiniated Conservative, and Rosmer, the impractical dreamer of freedom; in the mental comradeship between Rebecca West and Rosmer, and the crime she commits to clear the path of emancipation for him—in these and one hundred aspects of the play.

There is a danger in playing Ibsen. The performers are led to become *too* mysterious in their interpretations, to dwell too heavily upon the symbolical passages. The company at Terry's Theatre avoided this pitfall. Mr. Charles Fulton gave a rugged and impressive performance of Rector Kroll. Mr. Eille Norwood pictured the dreamer with many a beautiful touch, while Miss Elizabeth Kahn proved her capability as an interpreter of Ibsen by striking just the uncanny note required. E.C.S.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Doris Lytton

Who is playing Miss Morton, one of the assistants at Dobson's

APOLLO THEATRE

The Follies

Londoners have hailed, with hugh delight, the return of The Follies to Town. Fresh from their successful season in Manchester, they opened on Tuesday last at the Apollo. They have brought with them plenty of "new ideas" with which to regale us. "Pelissier's Potted Plays" and "Everybody's Benefit" are the principal items in the new programme, and highly amusing items they prove to be. If you visit the Apollo you can be sure of experiencing not a dull moment. You only risk a pleasant death from excessive laughter.

CORONET THEATRE

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson opened their three weeks' season at this theatre on the 17th inst. with a performance of "Much Ado About Nothing." Benedick, the young Lord of Padua, was played by Mr. F. R. Benson, whose rendering of the part was superb. Mrs. F. R. Benson played Beatrice, while

The Dormitory at Dobson's: Just before "Lights Out"

the rôle of Hero was enacted by Miss Olive Noble. Mr. George R. Weir as the constable, Dogberry, was exceedingly droll, and his was a clever piece of acting. Miss Cissie Sumarez as Balthazar sang well. This week's programme is as follows: To-night (Wednesday), "Henry V."; to-morrow evening, "Coriolanus"; Friday, "The Country Girl"; Saturday, "The Taming of the Shrew"; Saturday matinee, "Hamlet."

THE PLAYHOUSE

The last performance of "The O'Grindles" was given at this theatre on Friday, and the piece was replaced the following evening by "Fido," the little comedy which Mr. Cyril Maude produced for six matinees towards the end of last year. "Fido" is preceded by "A Golden Wedding." A new play by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, entitled "Marjory Strode," is due at this theatre within the next few weeks.

Five o'clock (a.m.) Tea on the Embankment

CAPT. BRETHERTON (*Mr. C. M. Hallard*): "Good chap, Fellowes, we'll invite him to the wedding"
DIANA (*Miss Lena Ashwell*): "Um, Um!"

THE KENNINGTON

Miss Marie Studholme is at the Kennington Theatre this week, playing Miss Hook in Mr. George Dance's "Miss Hook of Holland" Company R. M.

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Diana of Dobson's receives the letter announcing her £300 legacy

MISS MORTON (*Miss Doris Lytton*) *to* DIANA: "I brought this up for you, Miss Massingberd. I suppose it came by the last post"

After *Irene Wycherley*, Miss Lena Ashwell provides us with an equally striking play, though one in a very different category, in *Diana of Dobson's*. The story is the crowded month of glorious life of the shop-girl Diana with a £300 fortune, and the first and last acts are two of the most striking that have been seen for many a long day. The play opens with the bedroom scene at Dobson's, and, incidentally, sheds a strong side-light on the evils of the "living in" system, while the final act is the meeting, in the early hours on an Embankment seat, of Diana—now, the month elapsed, penniless—and Captain Bretherton, who had fallen in love with her in the rôle of a wealthy widow, and who is, on his part, trying unsuccessfully to disprove the justification of her taunt that he was unable to earn his own livelihood

TWO STRIKING SCENES IN "DIANA OF DOBSON'S," AT THE KINGSWAY

The New King's Counsel

The list of new King's Counsel which had been anxiously expected for such a long time has made the Bar gasp with astonishment. If it had been the work of the ex-Lord Chancellor instead of the present one, it would have given rise to some very uncomplimentary remarks. Let me hasten to say, however, that its faults are sins of omission rather than of commission, for everyone will agree that all the new silks, possibly with one exception, fully deserve their promotion. But the amazing thing is the unpublished list of the men who applied and were passed over. In more than one case, out of two applicants on the same circuit, the better man has been rejected.

The Lord Chancellor's Point of View

Of course, such mistakes as these arise from imperfect information, and no Lord Chancellor, however careful, can hope to avoid them altogether, but most people make a further complaint that the list is much too short. Evidently Lord Loreburn is trying to raise the dignity of King's Counsel by restricting their numbers, and there can be no doubt that many very unsuitable appointments have been made in recent years. But I do not think that he regards the matter from the right point of view. If the letters K.C. implied, as, perhaps, they did originally, that their possessor was one of the personal advocates of the Sovereign or the Government, there would be every reason for confining them to the men at the very top of the profession, but nowadays they only mean that their owner is no longer willing to do a junior's work or accept a junior's pay, and desires to restrict himself to pure advocacy at a higher rate of remuneration.

Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P.

The brilliant Conservative politician who has been very much to the fore during the present Session. He has, also, conducted some very important cases in the Courts

TWO NEW K.C., M.P.'s

Photos *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, M.P.

A promising young Liberal. In his Oxford days he was a leading sportsman, and won the Diamond Sculls in 1900

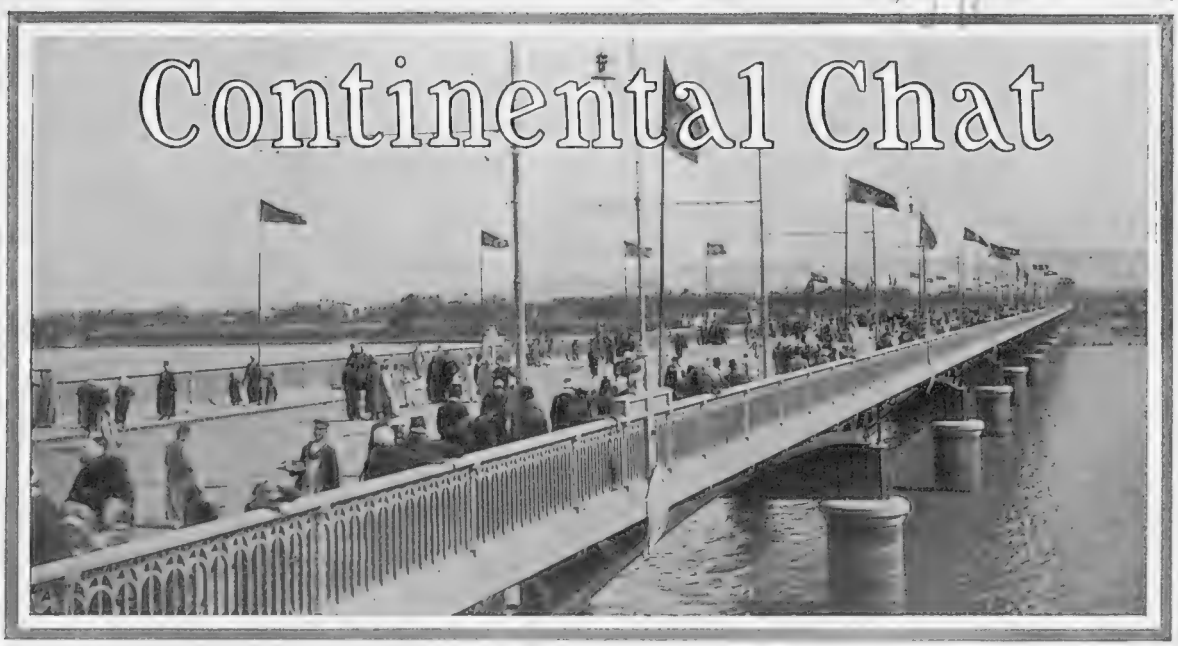
Protection for the Junior Bar

Now, if any man of good experience and reputation wishes to take this course, why should he not be allowed to do so? The fact that he will have to abandon three-quarters of his former practice and trust to luck to build up a new one, is a pretty good safeguard against unwarranted applications. And to forbid him is to benefit the leaders whom he may possibly supplant at the expense of the juniors, who will certainly acquire his old practice. Why should the leaders enjoy the blessings of protection while the junior Bar are withered by the blight of unrestricted competition? *N.B.*: the beauty of this argument is that, by transposing a few words, it can be made applicable to the strictest Cobdenite and, nevertheless, lead to the same logical result.

Why Not Restore the Serjeants?

Very likely the Lord Chancellor wishes to turn the silk gown and full-bottomed wig into certificates of great professional eminence, and it is certainly remarkable that the Bar should possess no mark of distinction like the L.R.C.P. and F.R.C.S. of medicine and surgery. But I am sure any such attempt is foredoomed to failure, for as long as the appointments are made by a single individual, it is inevitable that they should sometimes be influenced by political considerations or favouritism. In old days the lawyer's diploma of merit was the degree of Serjeant-at-Law, for they were limited in numbers and elected by co-operation, and although the cause of their decease was rather suicide than murder, the profession has never ceased to regret them. Why should not Lord Loreburn reconstitute Serjeants' Inn?

Continental Chat



Photo] **Bridging the Nile: The new Rodah Bridge connecting Cairo and Guizeh** [*Bolak*

The opening of the new bridge joining Cairo and Guizeh was performed by the Khedive. The ceremony was brief, but impressive, and was attended by many important people, including Sir Eldon and Lady Gorst, Lord Milner, etc. There are, as a matter of fact, three bridges, for besides the structure crossing the main stream of the Nile, two smaller bridges connect the Isle of Rodah with the eastern bank of the river. The bridge is 65½ feet broad, and a swing span enables the larger shipping to proceed up and down the stream. It was tested by the passage of twenty trams, eight steam-rollers, twenty double-dust-carts, and twenty water-carts!

Mr. Chamberlain's Retreat

Mr. Chamberlain has chosen, much to the disappointment of his many admirers in France, for his health resort, a place on the Italian, in preference to the French, Riviera. Curiously enough, he has always been of particular interest to our Gallic neighbours. However much they may have criticised his Colonial policy—indeed, they were most unsparing in their condemnation—there was only one opinion as to the ability of the man who was carrying it out. Often have I heard him described as the English Bismarck, a type of strong man the like of whom so many Frenchmen would wish to see at the head of affairs again in France. Mr. Chamberlain speaks French fairly well, and his son Austen speaks it still better. The latter passed some time in Paris in the 'seventies, and became personally acquainted with a number of the French Statesmen who were then to the fore. Neither father nor son, however, has ever understood the French, and neither, therefore, has ever acquired any particular liking for them. Mr. Chamberlain has chosen the neighbourhood of San Remo to stay in, because it is beyond the English boundary, so to speak. He is practically certain there to meet no English people, and as he will not be obliged to have intercourse with the swarms of Germans who fill the hotels thereabouts, he will enjoy the solitude he seems to be seeking. Apropos the Germans and Paris, it is significant to note that the sons of the Kaiser are, one by one, visiting the French capital. Only the other day, Prince Eitel Friedrich passed through on his way to take part in the Lisbon funeral; Prince Adalbert has also paid a visit, the enforced brevity of which he lamented

Count Boni Again

Count Boni de Castellane does his best to keep the newspapers busy. Hardly a week passes but there is something to say about this notorious person. His last adventure, however, is likely to give him a little more than publicity, unless he can clear up the mystery. This time the matter which has enlivened *tout Paris* is a suit brought by Mlle. Nemidoff, of the Opera, against the ex-Countess de Castellane, for £4,800, the price stipulated to be paid for a pearl necklace which Count Boni bought from her. His story is that he thought the pearls would look nice on his wife's neck when she received the late King of Portugal. Mlle. Nemidoff's

Photo] **En route from Lisbon to Berlin** [*Graphic Photo Union*

The Kaiser's second son, Prince Eitel Friedrich, picks a bunch of mimosa at a wayside station on his return from the Lisbon funeral. He had a short stay in Paris, which city his younger brother, Adalbert, also passed through last week. The Kaiser is not neglecting the education of his younger sons in the arts of statecraft, and is taking every opportunity of enlarging their experience

Is Joan of Arc Overrated?

version is that she needed the money to help her family in Russia. The Court has not held the ex-Countess liable for the debt, for the simple reason that she never saw the pearls. The vendor will now have to sue Count Boni, and he will have to declare the whereabouts of the famous necklace. It is a poor look out for the Russian family if they are relying on the paying capacity of the gay Lord de Castellane.

When the late King of Portugal paid his State visit to Paris, he dined at Boni de Castellane's house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. I am not sure that he appreciated the luxury with which he was received, for that evening he came face to face with ostentation such as he had never seen before. He noticed, to his very great astonishment, that his wines were whisked off, after every sip that was taken. Dom Carlos came to Paris far more frequently than was supposed. His jovial, sympathetic, simple and kindly manner will be very much missed by the many Paris hosts whom he honoured with his presence. When he shot at the Rothschilds', which he did repeatedly, the sport being excellent, all the guests looked forward to a merry party and to the pleasure of seeing the "best shot in Europe."

* * *

Royal Younger Sons

Since the assassination at Lisbon, people's attention has been called to the importance of giving a better training to second sons in the duties of Kingship. At the present moment in Europe there are several younger sons who have unexpectedly become Crown Princes, and have found themselves handicapped by the little attention which had been paid to them. The Kaiser has not fallen into this error, and has paid the greatest attention, on the contrary, to the training of his second son. The appointment of the latter to represent his father at the funeral at Lisbon was an opportunity of bringing him into contact with the Royalties of other lands, and of enabling him to gain self-confidence. I have already mentioned that he paid his first visit to Paris *en route*. Parisians took a special interest in the visit, and especially in the personality of the young man. Curiously enough, the two things which interested Prince Eitel most, and to which he devoted the morning he was allowed to spend in Paris, were of an anti-Republican character. The one was the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides, and the other the Church of the Sacré Cœur at Montmartre. After lunching at the Embassy, the Prince took the train to Cologne. A large crowd of Germans collected at the Gare du Nord to cheer their Prince. It was rather odd to hear German "Hochs" in the heart of Paris. The Parisians, however, made no manifestation, and the fact that the visit passed off without any incident may encourage the Emperor to allow his son to return and get the knowledge of the French capital which was denied him on this occasion. As the Emperor was so anxious for his son's safety, an hourly telegram was sent to him informing him of all his son's movements. Like his other brothers (with the exception of Prince Adalbert), Prince Eitel is a soldier, and a finer man in his German uniform could hardly be seen. His wife, although five years his senior, is a very handsome, popular, and accomplished woman. She is a member of the house of Oldenburg. The marriage was a love-match.

Photo *Topical*

The Statue of Joan of Arc in the Place Rivoli, Paris

UNSEATING A SAINT

M. Anatole France is shocking all good Frenchmen by his criticisms of the Maid of Orleans, who, he makes out, was really quite an ordinary person. He contends that she was the possessor of no miraculous or mysterious powers, and that her relief of Orleans is a myth, the city having been in no need of assistance. It will be remembered that it was only quite recently that the Maid was canonised, but it would seem, according to M. France, that her claims to saintship were meagre

Photo *Boyer*

M. Anatole France

* * *

Unseating a Saint

Comparatively recently was Joan of Arc canonised, but now this idol of the French nation is in a precarious position. Only twelve months or so back, a Parisian schoolmaster was severely reprimanded for teaching his class that the Maid never performed any miracles and that she did not relieve Orleans, but a mightier than he, in the person of M. Anatole France, has now turned the limelight of criticism on Joan. He confirms the heretical opinions expressed by the unfortunate schoolmaster, says that Orleans was in no need of relief—in fact, that there were only about five hundred English soldiers threatening it. As to any miraculous element in Joan of Arc's career, he laughs the idea to scorn, and attributes the sway she obtained over the people to her overwhelming enthusiasm and belief in her cause. Doubtless, you are right, M. France, but in this materialistic age, it would have been kinder to let us keep our old romantic image of the Maid of Orleans. History has few enough heroines, in all conscience.

Mr. Chamberlain's Resting Place

Photo *Ballance*

A BYWAY IN SAN REMO, WHERE THE EX-COLONIAL SECRETARY IS IN RETREAT

San Remo is one of the most mediæval and Oriental-looking of the towns on the Italian Riviera. Its byways, of which the above is a fair specimen, are as squalid as they are picturesque

King Carnival's Coming Reign:

Photo Copyright

THE BATTLE

With the end of February commences King Carnival's brief but merry reign on the Riviera. At Nice, at Cannes, at Monte Carlo he holds his court and all come to do the monarch homage. His devotees throw convention to the wind and give merriment and jollity. Cosmopolitan and members of almost every natio

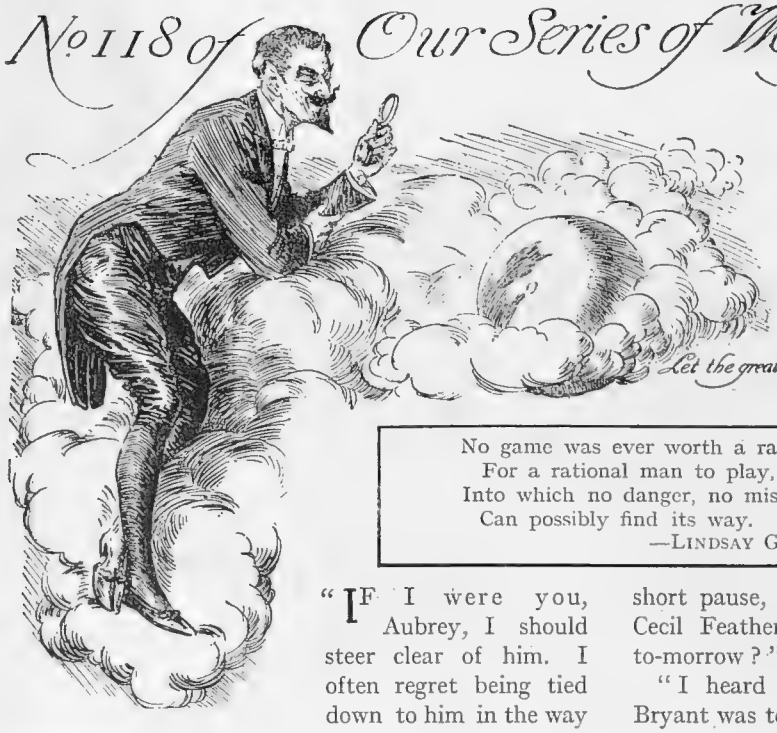
Merry-making at Monte Carlo

The Bystander

OF FLOWERS

themselves up unrestrainedly to ism and cordiality reign supreme, under the sun rub shoulders in the laughing crowd and pelt one another with confetti and flowers as if there were no such things as insular prejudices and international rivalries.

No. 118 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



His Last Ride

A STORY OF STEEPLECHASING

By BASIL TOZER

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

> No game was ever worth a rap
> For a rational man to play,
> Into which no danger, no mishap,
> Can possibly find its way.
> —LINDSAY GORDON.

"IF I were you, Aubrey, I should steer clear of him. I often regret being tied down to him in the way I am, but then, as beggars can't be choosers, I have to take my chance. Here, have a cigar."

They were seated, after dinner, in the smoking room of Alfred Sutherst's cottage which almost adjoined the training ground owned by the man of whom they had been speaking, Jasper Farraday. From the window of the smoking-room, when the curtains were drawn apart, the lights of Farraday's house, a mile or more away, could be clearly seen.

The speaker, Alfred Sutherst, though "wiry" and of small stature, had a strangely attractive face. The large brown eyes were full of intelligence, and at times seemed to twinkle with good humour. The mouth showed great determination. Descended from forebears who for generations had been sportsmen in the true meaning of that mis-applied term, it was but natural that Alfred Sutherst should have early developed into an exceptionally fine horseman, and as natural that he should have turned his attention seriously to steeplechasing almost before he had left Oxford. Then, in his twenty-third year, he had committed a crime for which his father had then and there disinherited him, for he had married a girl—an extremely pretty and attractive girl, let it be said—without a shilling to her name.

"You see," Sutherst went on, as Aubrey Doveton did not answer, "you and I are situated so differently. You have taken to race-riding for amusement, just as I did years ago. Now I, unfortunately, am to all intents a professional rider, and in the service of Jasper Farraday. Probably you didn't know that before this evening, though you must have suspected it. If I had known some time ago all that I now know about Farraday—well, to be quite frank with you, I should not have 'signed on' with him, poverty or no poverty. You say he has suggested to you that presently you should ride one of his horses. Have nothing to do with him, Aubrey—nothing. I know what I'm talking about."

"I suppose you know," Doveton answered after a short pause, but ignoring the remark, "that I ride Cecil Featherstone's Kitten in the Atcham Stakes to-morrow?"

"I heard it this afternoon. I thought Tommy Bryant was to have ridden Kitten."

"He was to have ridden her, but as I know Cecil is desperately anxious that Kitten should win, and as I found out indirectly that her father, Colonel Featherstone, has backed the mare rather heavily, and that if he wins the money he is going to give it to Cecil, I just warned Cecil against trusting our friend Tommy too much."

"And so she offered you the mount?"

"Exactly."

"Tommy must be furious. I know that Jasper is, because I saw him this afternoon. It was Jasper who told me that you were going to ride Kitten. I wouldn't mind betting that Jasper and Tommy Bryant had some game up their sleeve, and that you have accidentally queered it!"

Doveton laughed, but did not answer, and for some moments the two smoked on in silence.

"Shall you marry Cecil Featherstone?" Sutherst suddenly asked.

Doveton looked up quickly.

"Yes," he answered with enforced calmness, "that is to say if——"

He checked himself abruptly.

"If what? Out with it, Aubrey. We have all known for weeks that you are desperately in love with her, and that she is in love with you. If what?"

"If Kitten wins the Atcham Stakes."

"No! Not really?" Sutherst laughed broadly. "Come, this is quite romantic. No wonder you warned her against that little brute, Tommy Bryant. I am not surprised now that you should be so extra keen to win."

"Well, the fact is," Doveton said in a confidential undertone, "Cecil is somewhat 'financially embarrassed' at the moment, as the money-lenders say, but if Kitten wins to-morrow's race the sum her father will give her will wipe off every debt she has, and leave her a little bit in hand in addition."

He paused. Then, as if anxious to change the subject:

"But what about your mount in the Atcham

(*All rights strictly reserved*) (*Continued on page 446*)

(Next week's story will be "Mabel, Go and Put on Your Hat!" By LEONARD MERRICK

Contrasts in National Beauty: ENGLAND v. SPAIN.

A FAIR ENGLISH MISS.

Miss Amy Webster, now Playing in "The Merry Widow"

A DARK SPANISH SEÑORITA.

(Tortola Valencia from Seville).

Playing in the forthcoming Gaiety piece. She is nineteen, and known in all the Capitals. Has danced before King Alfonso.

Photo *Dover Street Studios* *Photo* *Rita Martin*

(*Continued from page 444*)

Stakes?" he asked suddenly. "Has he a good chance?"

"Humdrum has an excellent chance, I think," Sutherst answered. "He can stay the distance, he can't fall, and he has never been fitter in his life. Hullo! Who can that be?"

For the front-door bell had rung unexpectedly. In silence they waited. Then suddenly the door of the room opened, and the servant announced:

"Mr. Farraday."

He was not a prepossessing man. Two or three-and-forty, his face betrayed the sort of life he must have led at one time. The eyes had a sly expression, and the flesh beneath them sagged unpleasantly.

A clerk in a stockbroker's office when in his teens, Jasper Farraday had one day been summarily dismissed. Later, by dint of speculation of rather a dubious sort, he had succeeded in amassing a fortune not to be despised, and being by nature very fond of horses—his father had been a professional horse-breaker, trainer, and dealer—he had in his twenty-sixth year, to the surprise of all his friends, made his *début* between the flags, the owner of a string of 'chasers known to be hard to beat when meant to win.

His career as a gentleman rider, however, was not to last for long. The usual series of falls shook his nerve considerably. Then, with advancing years, his weight began to increase with rather alarming rapidity. Finally, just as he was about to retire, he chanced to hear of the death of Sutherst's father, and, what interested him far more, under the circumstances, that Alfred Sutherst, whom he knew well, had been left literally penniless with a wife and child to support. At once an idea had occurred to him. Then and there he had proposed to Sutherst that he should ride for him professionally. A month after receiving this proposal Sutherst had found himself bound by contract to ride for Jasper Farraday, and for Farraday exclusively, for a term of years.

"'Evening," Jasper said drily, as he entered. He gave Doveton a cold nod.

"'Evening, Farraday," Sutherst answered, pushing a chair towards him.

When the visitor had seated himself, and mixed a brandy and soda, he turned abruptly to his host.

"I have decided, Sutherst," he said, coming at once to the point, "to ride Humdrum myself, to-morrow."

"Yourself!"

"Myself. I can scale the weight in a four-pound saddle, I find."

"But—but your condition, Farraday. Are you fit enough? It's a three mile race, remember."

"That is my affair. Anyway—I ride him in the Atcham Stakes."

"And what about the other races?" Sutherst asked, taken aback.

"Oh, you will ride them, as arranged."

For a little while they talked upon various subjects, in which matters to do with horses figured largely. Then, suddenly, Jasper rose.

"That is all I came to tell you—that I ride Humdrum," he said as he prepared to go. "Good-night."

He did not say good-night to Doveton, or even look at him again. When the front door had closed, Sutherst turned to his friend.

"Wasn't I right?" he observed drily. "You can depend upon it he has something up his sleeve, had something up it all along. I don't particularly envy you your ride, Aubrey, under the circumstances. However——"

Doveton was relighting his cigar. When he had set it going, he looked up.

"As you say," he remarked calmly, "'However——'"

. . . . . .

As the eight starters cantered slowly past the Stand, in straggling order, a well-shaped chestnut with a white sock attracted general attention."

"What a magnificent stride Kitten has, father," exclaimed a tall, handsome girl in a well-cut tailor-made, in an enthusiastic undertone to the middle-aged man standing beside her. "I don't think I ever before quite realised it."

The man did not answer. He seemed pre-occupied as he scrutinised the horses through his glasses. In silence the girl now watched one man and horse intently. Her lips were slightly parted. Her eyes shone. Her whole soul seemed rapt in contemplation.

"I am glad Doveton warned us about Bryant," Colonel Featherstone said presently, without lowering his glasses, "but at the same time I should like to know why Farraday has taken the mount from Sutherst like this, at the eleventh hour. He can't have done it without some serious reason. Hullo, they are off!"

A subdued murmur arose from the Stand as the bell rang, and through the glasses now glued to her eyes Cecil Featherstone watched the horses get quickly into their stride about half-a-mile away. Soon her attention became riveted upon the chestnut with the white sock, and on its rider in the old gold cap and jacket. The mare was lying third, she saw, with some black horse at her girths, and Humdrum just behind. The leading horses jumped the first fence badly, and lost a length or more. Then Kitten and the black horse cleared it in their stride, abreast. Humdrum, coming next, leaped it like a dog.

As the race swept round the bend, the girl put down her glasses. Motionless in his stirrups, Doveton grew bigger and more distinct as she watched the race approach. Now she could see his features quite distinctly. What a graceful seat he had. What perfect hands. Horse and man seemed but a single living creature. The leaders swerved slightly at the water, almost opposite the Stand, yet cleared it with plenty to spare. Then the girl saw Doveton instinctively sink down into his saddle, giving Kitten her head as his heels closed sharply on her flanks and she made her effort. The mare could hardly have jumped it better.

"It's a pleasure to watch Doveton ride," Colonel Featherstone said, speaking aloud to himself. The girl heard him, but remained silent.

When some more fences had been jumped, the horses, now away in the distance, sank, one after another, out of sight where the ground dipped. At once a strange stillness seemed to creep over the tense throng. Then, suddenly, the black horse reappeared. He came along alone. The next to come in sight again were galloping neck and neck, but several lengths behind the black.

"Which are they?" somebody just behind the Featherstones asked abruptly.

"Humdrum and Kitten," a friend replied. "There seems to be something amiss."

(*Continued on page 448*)

When Smoking is a Crime (for Juveniles)

PERHAPS THE POLICEMAN'S LOT WILL NOT BE AS HAPPY A ONE AS HE THINKS!

BY G. E. STUDDY

(*Continued from page 446*)

Yes, something was amiss. Through her glasses the girl could see that the riders, Doveton and Farraday, were in the heat of an angry altercation.

Jump after jump was negotiated without incident, and soon the pace steadily increased. Six fences still remained. When the race again swept past, the black was lying third. Humdrum led by a length from Kitten. The three were going strong.

In the hollow, where the ground dipped, Alfred Sutherst watched the race approaching. Humdrum and Kitten were leading still, with the black horse just behind.

"Looks like a dead heat, eh?" Sutherst said carelessly to a bystander.

"If Humdrum don't ride Kitten out," the other answered.

Sutherst turned round sharply.

"What makes you think he may?" he asked.

"He tried to last time at this fence,—perhaps you were not here to see. Ah! Here they come. Now watch!"

At a great pace the leaders came rattling down the slope. Louder and louder grew the thunder of their hoofs, and then, almost as the leading pair took off, Jasper quickly pulled his mount right across Doveton's mare. The impact was terrific, and a cry of indignation and anger went up from the handful of bystanders as Kitten quivered for an instant in the air, and then, describing a section of an arc, fell violently with a horrid thud upon the landing side. Humdrum pecked, but went on.

Before the mare was on her legs again, Sutherst had sprung forward and grasped her reins. Now he held her bridle firmly. Doveton was lying senseless. Should he stop to help him——

In a flash he knew his mind.

"Get a doctor, quick!" he called out to the bystanders as he snatched the whip from the nerveless hand. In an instant he had swung himself into the saddle. In another moment he was gaining steadily on Humdrum.

"You cur!" was all he exclaimed as he came alongside Farraday, who, thinking he had the race in hand, had lessened his pace to ease his horse.

He saw Jasper's teeth clench, and his eyes flash. But the man said nothing. Again the pace increased. Four fences still remained. Neck and neck they cleared the first. At the next the black horse crept in sight, just by Humdrum's girths. At every stride it gained. Then it forged slightly ahead.

Abreast, at top speed, the three tore round the bend and into the straight. In front, but far ahead of them, a dark mass—the surging crowd—could be seen closing in from both sides, until it came together. At the last jump but one, Humdrum led. Then the black came up in line. Then Kitten crept abreast. Then suddenly—from nowhere—a horse shot up past Sutherst's knee. He knew the horse at once—an outsider called Duke.

The final fence was ten yards off. The mare blundered, and Duke gained half a length. Above the wind whistling shrilly in his ears Sutherst could hear the cries growing louder and more distinct:

"Kitten wins!"

"Kitten wins!"

"Duke! Duke! *Go on Duke*!"

Once, twice, thrice his unarmed heels closed in on Kitten's flank. Near the post his whip flashed out——

"Crack! Crack!" it sounded like two pistol shots.

The game little mare answered to this last call. With a supreme effort she extended herself to her uttermost. Inch by inch her nose crept up nearer to the Duke's. . .

. . . . . .

The race was run. As Kitten steadied to a trot, Sutherst could feel her heart throbbing through his saddle-flaps, and the spasmodic twitching of her body as her flanks sank, and rose, and fell.

"Which has won?" he asked abruptly as he came alongside Duke.

"A dead heat, I guess," Duke's rider answered with a drawl. Then, as they rode slowly towards the paddock, through the gesticulating and excited crowd, he turned again to Sutherst.

"Shall you scale the weight?" he asked carelessly.

"I think I may," Sutherst answered, "with this heavy coat I'm wearing. I shall not claim the allowance that Doveton could have claimed for being a gentleman rider. By-the-way, where is Humdrum?"

"Why, he fell at the last fence," Duke's jockey replied. "I am afraid Jasper is hurt."

Sutherst looked about him. A little group that grew steadily bigger as people hurried towards it from all directions marked the place of the accident. But neither horse nor rider could be seen.

A murmur from the crowd distracted his attention. The numbers were being hoisted. A great lump seemed to rise up in his throat as he saw their order—3, 8, 7. He knew that Kitten's number on the card was 8.

"Well done, Duke," he said with a sort of gulp, as they passed into the paddock.

The American jockey turned sharply.

"Say, Sutherst," he exclaimed, "thank you vurry much—you're a reel sport!"

. . . . . .

When Sutherst found he scaled the weight with ease in the heavy coat he had on when he had jumped into the saddle to try to save the race for Doveton—so that now if Kitten had won the race she would not have been disqualified—he felt for a moment or two that he would like to say something or hit somebody. As he came out of the weighing-room, however, his attention was arrested by one of Jasper's grooms, who plucked him sharply by the sleeves.

"Will you come at once, please?" the man exclaimed in a hurried tone, "Mr. Farraday is dying."

"Dying!"

He hurried after the man. Jasper Farraday had been brought in on a stretcher, by a side entrance, and now as the stretcher rested between two chairs in one of the private dressing-rooms he lay with closed eyes. His face, contorted with pain, was ashen. Two doctors were there, but no one else. Nobody spoke. Presently Farraday heard Sutherst's voice, and his eyes slowly opened. For some moments his gaze wandered aimlessly about the room with a sort of bewildered stare. Then, as the eyes rested on Sutherst's face, they unmistakeably showed recognition.

(*Continued on page 450*)

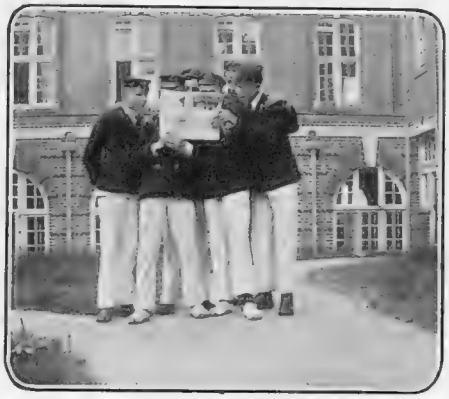
Readers in the Services

Volunteering in Hong Kong

Taken during the autumn training camp of the Hong Kong Volunteers on Stonecutter's Island. This corps of three hundred men consists of two-thirds Artillery and one-third Engineers, raised to assist in the defences of our most far Eastern Colony.—Sent by SERGT.-MAJOR R. STEVENSON, Royal Engineers, Hong Kong

Two Interested Readers

A snapshot by CAPTAIN C. F. DAMPIER, R.N., H.M.S. *Hermione*, at the Naval Rifle Range at Simon's Bay, South Africa



More Truths About the Navy!

Eager cadets looking at the "Truth About the Navy" pictures at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, which has replaced the famous old *Britannia*.—Sent by MR. D. C. TUDOR, Royal Naval College, Dartmouth

Tars with a Vengeance!

Two Krooboy boatmen in the service of the Gambia Government, outside the Government House, Cape St. Mary, seven and a half miles from Bathurst, the chief settlement of the colony.—Sent by MR. A. GERALD BIDEN, Bathurst, Gambia

New Year's Day in Aden

A group of sergeants of the Bedfordshire Regiment snapped on New Year's Day at the Crater, Aden. Notice one of the famous barren rocks of Aden in the background.—Sent by SERGT.-DRUMMER S. FARMER, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment, Aden

(*Continued from page 448*)

"I am glad," Jasper said slowly, speaking obviously with an effort, "that you have come."

He paused. Sutherst took one of his hands gently within his own, and as he did so the fingers seemed feebly to clutch his. Then, seeing that the dying man had difficulty in speaking audibly, he bent low over the drawn face to catch Jasper's every word.

"Is Doveton hurt?" Jasper inquired, but in so feeble a voice that Sutherst could barely hear him.

"Not seriously," he answered. "He was stunned for a moment, and has broken his collar-bone."

Farraday looked relieved, and a pause followed. The doctors had moved away, and were quite out of earshot.

"Before I die, Sutherst," he went on, gathering strength with an effort, "I want to tell you this. I have loved Cecil Featherstone for months—months; from the time I saw her first. None knew this, and none suspected. And because I loved her, I hated Doveton. But I wanted her mare to win for the joy it would give her. I had promised Bryant a hundred pounds if he should win with Kitten. After Kitten's victory I should have told Cecil Featherstone how I had encouraged Bryant to do his best to win for her. But Doveton, not knowing what I had done, and suspecting something different, warned her against Bryant, so then she gave Doveton himself the mount. That made me mad. I determined that, with Doveton up, Kitten should be beaten. For that reason I decided to ride Humdrum in your place, being determined to ride out Kitten, cross her, knock her over, do something, anything to prevent her winning or——"

The sound of a sudden commotion in the paddock made him stop to listen. Then, all at once, a man's voice shouted jubilantly above the din, in a stentorian tone:—

"Duke jumped a wrong fence, and is disqualified—Kitten has won—*hurrah!*"

The dying man heard. A strange shade passed over his ashen face. His grip of Sutherst's hand tightened, then at once relaxed completely. Slowly the jaw fell.

"Doctor!" Sutherst exclaimed, "come quickly—come!"

The hubbub of excited voices in the rooms adjoining continued to mingle with the tramp and shuffling of many feet on the boarded floor of the weighing-room and the room above it. Above the noise officials could be heard issuing peremptory orders in sharp tones. From the paddock just outside came the confused babel of many voices. From beyond the paddock came the sound of the tumult of the laughing, jostling crowd; the shouts of the mountebanks and hawkers; the raucous cries of the betting men; the blare of steam organs in the distance with their shrieking whistles and deafening syrens.

For nearly a minute the doctor kept his hand on Jasper's wrist. Then he looked up slowly, and Sutherst understood.

BASIL TOZER.

Photo *Sport and General*

Shire Horses at the Agricultural Hall: Judging two-year-old stallions

The Annual Shire Horse Show is now taking place at the Agricultural Hall, having been opened yesterday (Tuesday) and lasting till Friday. The show is one of the most successful of the series in point of entries and quality

A Smart Lot of Terriers

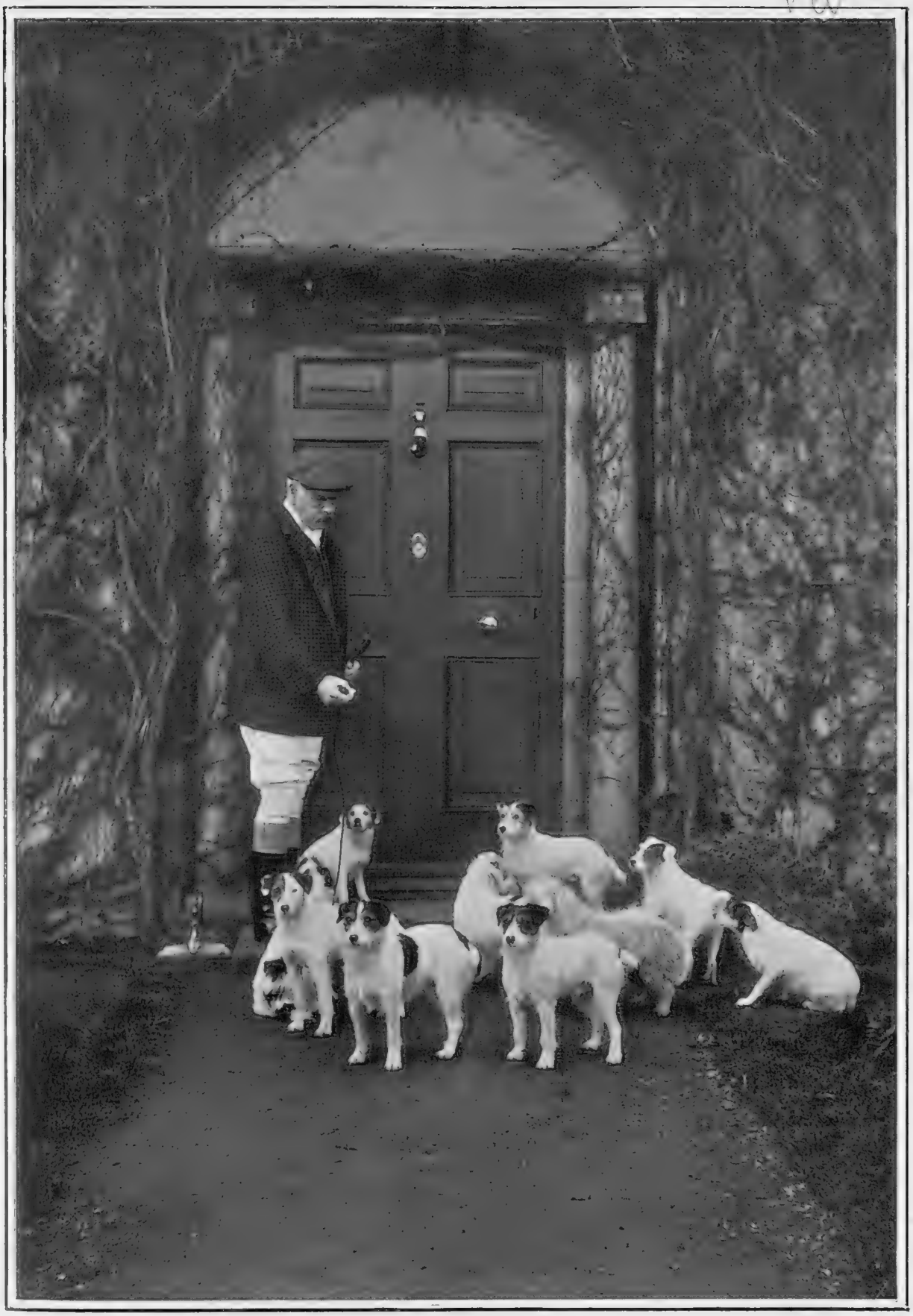


Photo *Lafayette*

MAJOR ALEXANDER, THE PROMINENT FOLLOWER OF THE KILKENNY HOUNDS, AND HIS TERRIERS

The Major, at whose residence the Hounds met recently, is an enthusiastic member of the Hunt, and his smart little terriers show great pluck and tenacity in facing Reynard and bolting him from his subterranean retreat

GOOD SPORT IN HIGH LEICESTERSHIRE: A DAY WITH MR. FERNIE'S HOUNDS

Captain Warner

He has acted as Deputy-Master this season owing to the unfortunate accident to Mr. Fernie, who has been unable to take his accustomed place with the pack

A Keen Young Follower

The little daughter of Dr. Hedley riding astride

Two Hard-Riding Followers of Mr. Fernie's Hounds:

Mr. "Tom" Jameson (in the foreground) and Mr. "Ted" Cazenove (immediately behind him)

Photos] **The Meet at Hallaton Hall**

Which was followed by a hard day's sport, very few out of a big field being [illegible]

The Scene Outside the Hall Grounds [*Graphic Photo Union*

Mrs. Fernie, who is seen in the foreground, is a fine horsewoman, and a regular follower of her husband's pack

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Good Sport with the Pytchley

There are signs that the Spring is going to be earlier than usual this year, which means that the hunting season will be rather curtailed, out of consideration for the farmers. But followers of hounds, content to leave the future to take care of itself, are revelling just now in excellent going and good sport, the month of February having been distinctly the most successful of the season. Really "great" runs have not been plentiful this year, but there have been many that will be pleasantly remembered. The Pytchley had, perhaps, their most delightful day of the season after meeting at Welford on the 12th inst. Brilliantly these grand hounds ran with a fox found in Lord Braye's new covert near Stanford Hall, which is called Twenty Acre Wood. Gallantly, too, ran Reynard. He knew that scent was almost breast-high, yet, nothing daunted, he travelled for half an hour as though he could go on for ever. At one time hounds seemed to be in difficulties, and the field of hard-riders pressed them ominously. But Freeman put them right in that quiet but effective style of his, and hounds soon began again to harass their quarry. The hot pace was telling on him, his stride shortened, his wind failed, and at the Hothorpe Hills they got hold of him—a fitting finale to a splendid run of fifty minutes. There were no end of congratulations for Lord Annaly, an admirable M.F.H., and for Frank Freeman, his huntsman, who is adding to the high reputation he won last season.

Cruft's Dog Show: The Wharfedale Otter Hounds
Winners of First Prize at the big show at Islington

Photos *Sport and General*

Bassett Hounds at Cruft's Show
Sir M. Bromley Wilson's team, Loo Loo, Finella, Waverer, and Ruler, which were the best in small classes of this breed. In the open class Waverer beat the Queen's exhibit, Dido

Successful Huntsmen

Despite several brilliant days such as that alluded to in the foregoing paragraph, it would be wrong to say that the Pytchley have been so consistently successful this season as in 1906-7. That, of course, is mainly due to less favourable scenting conditions, for Freeman has shown great skill and command over hounds, and is fairly entitled to rank among the premier half-dozen huntsmen in the kingdom. With him in that category must be included Arthur Thatcher. When the last-named professional went from the Cottesmore to Mr. Fernie's pack, people were curious to observe whether he would continue his successses, for huntsmen who do well in one country sometimes fail in another. It must be remarked at once that Thatcher has more than succeeded in his present position—he has absolutely triumphed. Mr. Fernie's Hounds have had more first-class gallops this season than any other pack in the Midlands, and they added to their fine record on Saturday, the 15th. On this occasion they drove an old dog-fox from Allexton Wood across the finest part of the Cottesmore country, and marked him to ground at Burrough. The point was about ten miles, and the time an hour and forty minutes—a superb hunt.

George Leaf and the Quorn

With such masters of their craft in the Shires as Thatcher and Freeman, any new huntsman must naturally be prepared for criticism and comparisons. Your average rider to hounds knows little enough of the true science of fox-hunting, but that does not prevent him from freely expressing his opinions of men who have spent all their lives in a study of the sport, and find, indeed, their

livelihood by it. Dash and good horsemanship are what he most appreciates, and it fares ill with any huntsman in the Midlands who becomes known as "slow." People are now interested in the appointment of a new man to carry the horn with the Quorn. Captain Frank Forester has given the post to George Leaf, to whom it will fall next season to endeavour to bring the Leicestershire pack back to that high pinnacle of fame which it occupied in Tom Firr's days. That Firr was a genius is generally acknowledged, and his successors can scarcely be blamed if they have fallen somewhat below his exceptional standard. Leaf comes from Yorkshire with the best of characters. He has done exceedingly well with Lord Middleton's Hounds, whose followers, while pleased at his promotion, are sorry to lose him. Before he went to Yorkshire, Leaf was first whipper-in to the Pytchley, and his smart work is well remembered in Northamptonshire.

Photo *Dixon*

The Blankney Hounds at Besthorpe
Lord Charles Bentinck, the Master and huntsman of the pack

Master of the Blankney

Few packs have done better work this season than the Blankney, and Lord Charles Bentinck has shown that a really good amateur huntsman need fear no comparison with the professionals. The only drawback is that it is impossible to double the rôles of Master and huntsman in a "fashionable" country really effectively without the help of a good Field Master. Lord Charles Bentinck nearly went to the Grove country a year ago; indeed, the Duke of Portland made a most liberal proposal on his behalf when Viscount Galway resigned, but Earl Fitzwilliam also offered to take the country, so Lord Charles withdrew in a very sporting way, and, much to the delight of the Blankney people, kept on with the Lincolnshire pack. Formerly Lord Charles was a noted polo player, and helped his regiment, the 9th Lancers, to win the Inter-Regimental Tournament of 1906. He has been a President of the County Polo Association. In the South African War he was prominently associated with Baden-Powell in the defence of Mafeking, and was appointed Brevet-Major.

Arrangements for Next Season

Sir John Hume-Campbell is not, after all, to leave the North Cotswold country at the end of the season, as he has withdrawn his resignation, and will in future act as joint Master with Mr. C. T. Scott. This arrangement is a popular one in the district concerned, and it is a fortunate thing for those who hunt with the North Cotswold that the present pack of hounds will remain with them, as it would be difficult to find a better lot of bitches. In Ireland the Kildare men have succeeded in inducing Mr. Arthur Pollok to go on with the hounds, but another vacancy is impending on this side of the St. George's Channel owing to the resignation of Lieut.-Colonel Mosley Leigh of the command of the Island Hunt.

A Notable Book of the Horse

A really magnificent work, worthy the study of everyone interested in horses; indeed, the most notable publication of its kind since Youatt wrote his comparatively slender volume nearly eighty years ago. Such is our impression of Professor J. Wortley Axe's tremendous treatise on "The Horse," which the Gresham Publishing Company has just issued in nine volumes. The whole production is in every way creditable to the Editor and those who have assisted him on the literary side. The publishers, too, have done their share in giving the volumes all that is best in paper, printing, binding, and illustrations. It would be impossible here to attempt exhaustively to review the contents of the book, but every subject has, we find, been handled with skill and lucidity by an expert, and it is difficult to see in which direction the work could have been improved. The last volume contains an index running to many closely-printed pages, which is alone a sufficient indication of the complete way in which the ground has been covered.

The late Miss Evelyn Stevens

Grief, deep and genuine, has been caused among all followers of the Grafton Hounds by the sad death of Miss Evelyn Stevens, which occurred on the 16th as the result of an accident in the hunting field. Hunting from Whittlebury, Towcester, she was a regular follower of the Grafton, and one of the finest horsewomen in a field that includes some of the best lady riders in England. She rode high-couraged horses, and was never far away from the front rank. Bright, and popular with all who knew her, this charming young lady will be sadly missed in and around Towcester. Miss Stevens wrote interestingly about the sport she loved so well, and during the present season several excellent accounts of the doings of the Grafton from her pen have appeared in The Bystander.

Out with the Pytchley

Frank Freeman, the Huntsman, with the Pytchley Hounds
Freeman has done remarkably well in Northamptonshire, and is recognised as one of the foremost huntsmen of the day

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

A MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY HUNT AT HARRINGTON
There was a large field at this popular rendezvous to greet the famous pack

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Mothers in Israel." By J. S. Fletcher. (Murray: 6s.)

"Love and the Ironmonger." By R. J. Randall. (Lane: 6s.)

"The Gang." By David Whitelaw. (Greening)

"The Bad Times." By George A. Birmingham. (Methuen: 6s.)

A Satire on Nonconformity

In *Mothers in Israel* (John Murray: 6*s.*), Mr. J. S. Fletcher presents an exceedingly amusing picture of life and scandal in a little Yorkshire village. The "mothers" are the wives of the two chief deacons of a dissenting chapel. Arriving in their midst is a young minister *locum tenens*. He is well received and well treated by the all-powerful dames, Mmes. Hancock and Gill, who regale him with good food and advice, and who, with an eye to possibilities, introduce him to their respective daughters. An amusing instance of the parochial jealousy which obtains between the two ladies themselves is furnished. One, to take a rise out of the other, offers to spend £100 on renovating the chapel. The other, to be equal, offers the same sum to be spent on re-carpeting and a new organ. Adversity, however, assuages their jealousies, and brings the twain together as allies. The minister, who *ought* to have proposed to either (or both) of the ladies' daughters, has had the folly to fall in love with the village schoolmistress. Then there is trouble. That young lady becomes marked down, watched, and in due course is the victim of a cruel scandal. All, however, ends satisfactorily. The wrong-doing, but well-meaning "mothers," are brought to book, and truth is triumphant. Altogether a most satisfying little story, abounding in humour, without any animus against a certain phase of Nonconformity, but, at the same time, satirical of its foibles. The "mothers" are characters of first-rate quality, and Mr. Fletcher is to be thanked for their creation.

* * *

Facetious Fiction: Two Specimens of the Day

Lest the critic should be found fearing that facetiousness is a lost art, two books of the week afford timely proof to the contrary. These are:

"Love and the Ironmonger." By R. J. Randall. (Lane: 6*s.*), and

"The Gang." By David Whitelaw. (Greening: 6*s.*)

Both are farcical after the fashion of the Strand farce of a bygone age. Both have suburban persons of varying degrees of vulgarity as their leading characters, and each has a central situation of fitting incongruity. *Love and the Ironmonger* has an original plot. The old, dying employer acquaints his head clerk of his intention to bequeath considerable annuities to various members of his staff, the condition being that each member overcomes his besetting sin—swearing, drink, lying, stinginess, etc., etc. On the legatee being proved to have transgressed, he loses his wealth. The humour of the story lies in the fact that the only person "in the know" is an incorrigible young rascal named George Early. He has overheard the employer reveal to the head clerk the nature of his will, and, of course, he finds himself in the most magnificent situation to set up as a good-natured blackmailer. He harrows the lives of the poor *nouveaux riches* to the most startling extent, and wreaks universal havoc. *Love and the Ironmonger* is an amusing book of its kind, and is cleverly conceived and worked out.

* * *

Tooting in the Balkans

The Gang is readable, but the humour a little too forced to be so effective as its companion. A middle-aged Tooting agent—his name is, of course, Peter—involved in a political conspiracy in the Balkans, in which he is followed by a Tooting coal merchant of his acquaintance is, I suppose, good raw material for

"Pacification"

"Of course I order my soldiers to burn down the homes of these people."—General Alikhanoff

(*Reproduced from "The Red Reign" by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton*)

a funny story. I fear, however, that the middle-aged suburban mediocrity, no matter how wildly incongrous his adventures, has, on the stage, already extracted from us as much mirth as possible. *The Gang* is related with some apparent knowledge of the localities described, and is, for that reason, not unreadable. I think it is a pity Mr. Whitelaw overdoes the vulgarity of the victims of the various conspiracies. They would have been equally amusing had they approximated a little more closely to real life. Tooting has, no doubt, a style of speech and thought of its own, but its typical residents are not quite so hopelessly and drearily vulgar as Mr. Piddington and Mr. Potts and their respective spouses.

* * *

Facers for the Poor Classics

The penny classic is being exploited by Mr. Grant Richards—I hope with success. The covers of the editions, which include Shakespeare, Dickens, Poe, Tennyson, and Ruskin, are attractive, and the type is good and readable. Perhaps, as they only pay one penny for their "classics," the purchasers will not mind the continuity of their enjoyment of the pages being disturbed by full-page illustrations of hair-growers, lung tonics, and the like. I should, however rather like to know how Ruskin, at any rate, would have felt at this kind of embellishment of the pages of even a penny edition of "Sesame and Lilies." Shakespeare was, perhaps, too keen a business man himself to have been likely to object.

* * *

A Book "On Nothing"

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written a book *On Nothing* (Methuen). He has thus (*vide* preface) accomplished a task "not yet attempted since the beginning of the World." He thinks that in Nothing there is "something so majestic and so high that it is a fascination and a spell to regard it."

> Is it not that which Mankind, after the great effort of life, at last attains, and that which alone can satisfy Mankind's desire? Is it not that which is the end of so many generations of analysis, the final word of Philosophy, and the goal of the search for reality? Is it not the very matter of our modern creed in which the great spirits of our time repose, and is it not, as it were, the culmination of their intelligence? It is indeed the sum and meaning of all around!

All this agreed; also, that if Mr. Belloc had accomplished the feat of writing a book "On Nothing" he would, indeed, have achieved—something. But he has not done so. He has, it seems true, sat down without deliberate plan, and exuded graceful half-thoughts bearing no no special relation to anything in particular. But this can hardly be called a book "On Nothing," though it may be on nothing in particular. But, of course, whether or no Mr. Belloc has succeeded in writing a book "On Nothing" is his own affair. The question at issue is whether there is anybody living who has the slightest desire to read such a book. A mind in search of vacuity does *not* seek for it on the bookshelf.

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A Popular Romancist: The Baroness Orczy

Her new novel, *Beau Brocade* (reviewed recently in these pages), has already gone into a third edition

A Novel of Irish Nationalism

Ireland is, at the moment, so much in the public eye that attention is deserved by a purely Irish novel. Mr. George A. Birmingham, in his book *The Bad Times* (Methuen: 6s.), deals with the most troublous period of recent Irish history, the years which saw the rise of the Land League. The hero, who traces his descent from one of the strongest opponents of the union of the two kingdoms, is inspired with strong "Nationalist" sentiment, and becomes, as many Irish gentlemen were, a supporter of Mr. Isaac Butt's Home Rule movement. He is sympathetic with the idea of agrarian reform, but is disgusted by the methods of the Land League. He finally loses his life at the hands of an assassin. Among the minor characters are an Irish nobleman of some fame as a diplomatist, an old Fenian, a political priest, a land agent with an incurably humorous outlook upon life, and an elderly priest who dislikes and opposes the new agrarian movement. Indeed, the author has portrayed in his characters almost every kind of man influential in Ireland at the time dealt with by the story.

* * *

"Unforegone Conclusions"

Unforegone Conclusions (Hodder: 6s.) is a readable volume of essays reprinted from a contemporary by Lady Gordon, an observer of social peculiarities who is possessed of exceptional discernment, and who expresses herself pointedly and epigrammatically on many topics. I should like to quote her, but as the reader will observe, space cuts me short at the psychological moment

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Price of Golf Balls

We all thought, poor deluded mortals that we are, that the decision of the House of Lords in the famous Haskell-Kite case would have the effect of cheapening the rubber-cored ball. Free trade in golf balls was established by that decision, and optimists looked forward to buying their golf balls for *1s. 6d.* at the most. It seemed inconceivable that balls should remain at the exorbitant price of *2s.* each when one took into consideration the immense competition between ball-making firms. The threatened American monopoly had been crushed, and there was nothing artificial to keep up the price of balls. A glance at the advertisement columns of any golfing paper shows pretty conclusively that there are a great many firms competing for the custom of the golfer. But as yet there is not the least sign of any lowering of the price. On the contrary, a recent combine of some of the leading firms has resulted in a hardening of the market against the player. Where formerly sixpence was allowed on old balls we now have these firms boldly stating that in future they will allow only threepence.

Photo *M. Dixon*

Oxford University v. Sunningdale

Lord Maidstone, who won the only game for his side by beating Mr. H. J. Ross by 2 and 1 in the Oxford v. Sunningdale match, in which the 'Varsity was beaten by 8 pts to 1

A Matter of Confidence

The question, therefore, arises as to how long players are going to submit to this extortionate tyranny, for an extortionate tyranny it is. My readers will naturally say, "these are fine words, but what do you suggest should be done?" Well, for the moment, it is clear that the player must submit with the best grace that he can muster. The game cannot be played without balls, and hitherto none of the cheaper makes of ball have been any good. The player feels that he must have the best ball he can get, so as not to be handicapped in his match with his friend who at the first tee produces a Kite, Colonel, or Black Dot. Golf is so much a matter of confidence that the least suspicion of any inferiority in his equipment is sufficient to disturb a man's playing powers. Let him imagine that his clubs or his golf balls are faulty and bang go his game and his half-crown. On this feeling of the golfer the wily golf trader relies, and he confidently puts expensive articles on the market in the sure belief that the deluded player will feel bound to buy them. Now, I have the best reasons for believing that the profits on the sale of a golf ball are very high indeed. I do not think that the ordinary player in the least realises what the original cost is of making the ball for which he gaily pays *2s.* If I am not mistaken, *1s. 6d.* would give the maker a very handsome profit, and even *1s. 3d.* would leave a very profitable margin for him. That being so, it seems to me that the golf ball traders are in a fair way to kill the goose with the golden egg. Having fixed their price at *2s.*, it is evident that there must be a wide margin left which some bold spirit will be able to utilise for cutting-down tactics. I should be very little surprised and extremely delighted to find some new firm coming along and putting a first-class ball on the market at either *1s. 6d.* or *1s. 3d.* If they can manage to do this feat at *1s. 3d.*, and can really produce a tip-top article, then they will deal a tremendous blow at the inflated structure which the leading firms have raised on the ruins of the Haskell position, and what is more, they will go a long way towards capturing the ball trade.

The Moral

Now, here is where the moral of my little sermon comes in. When that cheaper ball appears, it will need all the moral courage of the ordinary player to buy and use it. The old firms will naturally stoutly resist the invader, and will cling to their old high price as long as they possibly can They will rely on that innate repugnance of the golfer for a cheap article to which I have referred above to save the position for them. It will be extremely difficult to persuade a man that the new and cheaper ball is equal to the old and dearer one. Therefore, if and when the new cheap ball does materialise, I beseech my readers to give it a prolonged and fair trial. At the same time, I would warn the imaginary firm that the cheap ball I am presuming they will produce must be an absolutely first-class article. As I have already hinted, the margin of profit is so great that there is no reason whatever why a ball, in every respect as good as the best of the present *2s.* ones, should not be produced and sold for *1s. 6d.* at the most. But it will be waste of time to launch an inferior article in the hope that its cheapness will carry it through. Cheapness allied with intrinsic excellence will alone avail. How long shall we have to wait for this cheap boon? I trust that even now steps are being taken for this desirable consummation, and that before long the tyranny of the high price will be overthrown.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Inter-varsity Hockey at Bromley: Oxford make a good run up the field

Last week's 'Varsity match was to a great extent a foregone conclusion, but although Cambridge won by 3 goals to 1, the game was, in reality, quite a close one. For the first time in the history of the game full Blues were given to the Cambridge eleven

HOCKEY

A Near Thing After All

The 'Varsity match last Wednesday was looked upon beforehand as almost a foregone conclusion for Cambridge; but, although the prophets were right as regards the actual result, that result served only to emphasise the proverbial uncertainty of 'Varsity contests. As a matter of fact it was quite a close game. Nothing was done in the first half hour, and, although Cambridge were two goals to the good at half time, Oxford made matters very warm for them in the second half, and, after reducing the lead to one goal, looked very like drawing level. Right up to the last minute they seemed just as likely to score as their adversaries, and it was only in that last minute that Goodwin put the issue beyond a doubt by hitting a third goal, after a clever run, for Cambridge. It was a game of exceptionally good, and comparatively moderate forward, play, and there were reasons for this. The Cambridge forward line was settled some time ago, but almost on the eve of the match B. M. Kitson; the inside left, was taken ill, and A. C. C. Hervey was chosen in his place. This change, naturally enough, and through no fault of Hervey's, weakened the combination of the line, and, except for a short time towards the end of the first half, they hardly ever reproduced the form which has made them so dangerous all through the season. Oxford, on the other hand, were trying different men in different positions up to within a short while ago, the chief trouble—just as it was with the Cambridge Soccer team—being to find a centre forward. I gathered that the choice had finally rested upon E. G. Mirfield; but, even as the Cambridge Soccer captain decided at the eleventh hour to move his outside left, H. G. Yates, to the centre, so did the Oxford Hockey captain decide to entrust the centre position to S. H. Thompson, whose place all along had been at outside right. In neither case was the experiment justified by the result. There was, however, this merit about the Oxford attack last Wednesday that, finding their attempts at combined operation fruitless, they very sensibly tried the other method, individual play, or, as it is sometimes termed, "rushing tactics," and did it well enough to give their

Goodwin (C) Sutcliffe (C)
Bryan Brown (C) Ireland (C)

Photo *Sport and General*

Mackarness (O) Raynor (O) Goodman (C) Pound (C) Mirfield (O) L. M. Robinson (C)

The Teams taking the field.

opponents quite a shaking up in the second half, as I have already indicated. A noteworthy thing was that Goodwin hit Cambridge's second goal just on the call of half-time, and the third just on the call of time; so that Cambridge may be said to have won literally by a few seconds.

The Chosen Against Wales

Rough weather does not interfere so much with hockey as it does with football, and the North *v.* South match at Beckenham last Saturday was quite a good one, in spite of the conditions. It was rendered doubly interesting, too, through being the last of the territorial matches before the final selection of the English team to meet Wales. It will be remembered that the South began their campaign somewhat inauspiciously by losing to the West on a frost-bound ground, but atoned for this by a good win over the Midlands. On Saturday they achieved a like success over the North, but again had to work for it, for the North scored first, and at half-time the scores were level at one-all. However, in the second half the South, thanks mainly to their two crack forwards, Shoveller and Jordan, put on three more goals, and so won by 4-1; and it is not too much to say that three goals just about represent the extent of their superiority. After the match the team to meet Wales on March 7 was chosen; it consists of four Southerners, three Midlanders, three Northerners and one Westerner; but although the South secures the largest representation, it is noteworthy that only two out of the five forward places are given to Southerners, for hitherto forward play has always been the South's particularly strong point. I am rather inclined to doubt whether the line, consisting as it does of Twigg (Staffordshire), Draper (Cheshire), Shoveller and Jordan (Surrey), and Slade (Gloucestershire), will prove as good in combination as it is individually. But fortunately we have no particular reason to fear Wales (who, by the way, were beaten by Ireland by 4—2 on Saturday), and the Welsh match will serve as a trial trip for the team, which can probably be strengthened if any weaknesses reveal themselves.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Raphael Reappears

Last week I remarked that by the end of the season Oxford, for such a fine side, would have quite a poor record. On Saturday they did their best to justify my prophecy by playing only one of this year's Blues in their back division against Blackheath—not much of a compliment to the "Club," even allowing for its present rather limp condition—and only just scraping a draw. Cambridge earlier in the week succeeded in doing what Oxford failed to do—to beat Guy's, and on Saturday concluded their season with a win over the Nomads. Perhaps the most noteworthy event on Saturday was the re-appearance of J. E. Raphael, the old Oxford University and International three-quarter, in the ranks of the Old Merchant Taylors, who beat Rosslyn Park by three tries to nil. An accident quite early in the season has kept him out of football until now. On Saturday he played back and seemed fairly well at home in this new position. In the Rugby County Championship, Durham by beating Cumberland at Winlaton, secured the championship of the North, and will play the winners of Cornwall *v.* Middlesex for the Championship of England.

The London Van Horse Parade Society will hold their fifth annual parade on Easter Monday, April 20th, in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W. This year, in addition to the usual premiums, long service awards will be given to drivers. Entry forms and all further particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, 1, Bridge Place, Belgrave Road, S.W.

With the photograph of Mrs. Patrick De Bathe, published in last week's number, we reproduced the De Bathe Arms. This reproduction was made by kind permission of Messrs. Dean and Son from Debrett's Peerage.

Photo *A. Broom*

Cambridge University v. Guy's Hospital: Guy's throw in

This match played on Wednesday last was won by the 'Varsity after a stiff game by 10 points to 5

A VITAL PRINCIPLE PROVED

THE GREAT STRENGTHENING CURE FOR CORPULENCE

THE harm arising from the habit of partially abstaining from nourishing food in order to reduce weight is incalculable. Thanks, however, to Antipon, the now world-famous remedy for the permanent cure of obesity, the old-time treatments which relied on semi-starvation and dangerous drugs as the means of bringing down weight are being surely discarded. That food in ample quantity is necessary to sustain strength is a vital principle not to be controverted, and to attempt to cure obesity by robbing the body of nourishment is absurd. What is needed is to overcome the tendency to grow fat, and none of the old-fashioned remedies did this without ruining the system. Now, Antipon, whilst rapidly eliminating the superabundant fat, does indeed master the tendency to excessive fat development, and for this reason wholesome food may be freely partaken of without encouraging a renewal of the fatty excess. There are no troublesome food restrictions. The harmless and pleasant Antipon treatment is essentially a private home treatment, and there are no hard and fast rules to follow which might make it discomforting or inconvenient. Antipon is an agreeable liquid containing only perfectly harmless vegetable ingredients. Antipon has a grand tonic effect on the whole digestive system, promoting a keen natural appetite and sound digestion. This generous dietary régime must have a revitalising effect on the entire organism.

A staff contributor to the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* has, in a recent issue of that journal, put the following interesting fact on record: "I must," says the writer, "say a good word for the Antipon cure of obesity, which I have reason to know has come off satisfactorily in a long-standing case. The advantage of this system is that it asks nothing in the way of sacrifice from the patient. There is a steady daily reduction until natural proportions and correct weight are permanently restored." Scarcely less noteworthy is the following extract from an editorial which appeared a short while back in the *Illustrated London News*: "Hosts of stout people who have tried all kinds of disagreeable, semi-starvation methods of fat-reduction are despairing of ever again attaining normal proportions. Let them abandon once and for all such dangerous and debilitating systems and try Antipon, the tonic muscle-strengthening cure for over-fatness. Antipon lastingly eliminates from the system all superfluous fat, and destroys the tendency to fat-formation." Many other influential papers have added glowing testimony to the unrivalled merits of Antipon.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, it may be had (on sending remittance), carriage paid, in private package, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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WONDERFUL REDUCING POWER OF ANTIPON

A GREAT many pounds of superfluous fatty matter distributed over the surface of the body cannot possibly be conducive either to comfort or health; but the internal deposits of adipose that encumber the organs are a danger to life itself. Fatty degeneration of the heart may at any time have a fatal result. The liver and kidneys are also clogged with fatty matter, and fail to do their work in a natural way. The blood is impregnated with floating fat, and is constantly adding to the fatty tissues and overloading the muscular fibre. The muscles are soft and flabby, and the limbs unshapely. And just as the muscles of the arms are soft and flabby, so are the muscles of the heart. "Flabby heart" means a poor circulation and a feeble pulse, and bad health generally. The lungs too, are affected, and cannot properly expand, with the result that not enough oxygen is inhaled, and the blood is vitiated in consequence.

The Antipon treatment will speedily change all this, and with the rapid reduction of weight all the dangerous symptoms will disappear. Antipon will rid the vital organs of the enemy, the heart will beat normally, and the circulation will be strengthened. Breathing will be easy, and there will be no more sudden heats and profuse sweating. Antipon has a wonderful tonic action on the skin, the pores will act as they should do, blemishes will disappear, and the complexion will be radiant and clear.

Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a reduction varying between 8 oz. and 3 lb., according to individual conditions. Then there follows a daily decrease until normal weight and proportions are restored. There is no need to continue the doses, the tendency to the disease of obesity having been eradicated.

A writer in a recent issue of the *Tatler* says: "It cannot be denied that obesity is not only a condition that is far from comfortable, but at the same time real harm may result by allowing this condition to remain. Thousands of stout persons have permanently regained normal weight and natural proportions by means of an admirable scientific treatment, to wit, Antipon, and at the same time have been restored to robust health and splendid vitality. The secret of the success of Antipon is that it has the peculiar power of subduing the tendency to excessive fat development so that normal weight and symmetry are restored."

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Royal Commission on Motor-cars recommended that the revenue derived from the taxation of cars should be devoted to the improvement of the roads. M'yes!

* * *

The deputation of the Motor Union which was received last week by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, retired with its tail between its legs. "If the increased tax is to be devoted to the upkeep of the highway," said, in effect, Mr. Asquith blandly, "it will not be of benefit to the Treasury. But *I* want to hold the money."

* * *

This is about the coolest remark ever made, even by a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The motor industry has become one of the greatest industries of the country, in spite of the acute foreign competition it has to contend with. It finds employment for thousands, and every action on the part of the Government towards restricting the expansion of motoring means loss of employment. It is universally agreed that roads in Great Britain leave much to be desired, and yet, though motorists are to be bled by extra taxation, they are not to get any benefit at all from it. In other words, Mr. Asquith wants the money for his precious Old Age Pensions scheme. But bad roads and a heavy motor tax will drive many owners to give up keeping cars.

* * *

Motorists (i.e. owners of cars) comprise the most solid persons in the land. They pay their taxes, including their income tax, and are ready to meet their obligations towards the maintenance of the roads on a liberal scale, but it will be an act of the grossest injustice towards car owners and the motor trade if they are compelled to pay additional toll to Mr. Asquith—sums to be earmarked for something totally unconnected with motoring—because that gentleman in order to redeem ill-considered promises is at his wits' ends to raise funds for his precious Old Age Pensions scheme. Happily, however, for us, it does not stop there. If this calm proposal to impound motor taxation for the benefit of the Treasury were solely at the expense of the motoring fraternity, there is little doubt that the remainder of the country would raise no objections. But it goes further; it touches the pocket of every ratepayer, anti-motorist as well as motorist.

* * *

The roads of Great Britain are quite unable, now, to cope with the demands put upon them. A hundred years ago, before railways were in existence, the main highways were excellently kept up, but with the growth of the railway and the gradual disappearance of the stage coach their importance diminished. They gradually decayed, and the local authorities had no need to spend much on their upkeep. The birth and subsequent rapid growth of the motor-car have entirely changed all that, for to-day over 76,000 motor-cars and motor-cycles habitually use the roads. That the highways have to be kept in a proper state of repair is certain, for it is well-known that a road, if neglected, very rapidly deteriorates, and costs much more to put in order than if it were repaired when first in need of attention. If, therefore, this new motor tax is impounded by the Treasury, and the roads have to be kept in proper order by the various local authorities without Treasury assistance, it is evident that every ratepayer is also going to be bled directly for the privilege of contributing to a pension fund for the lower classes. Oh, what a happy land is England—for the working man!

Car-icature—No. LXIII.: Mr. Percy Richardson

Though still on the sunny side of forty, Mr. Percy Richardson is quite a veteran among motoring pioneers. He was first connected with the Great Horseless Carriage Company, was for some time London Manager of the Daimler Company, and is now the General Manager of the Sheffield Simplex Company, the makers of the well-known Brotherhood-Crocker Cars

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Car-icature—No. LXIII.: Mr. Percy Richardson

Quite a veteran among pioneers of the motor movement, albiet himself well on the sunny side of forty, is Mr. Percy Richardson, the subject of this week's Car-icature. An engineer by profession, Mr. Richardson turned his attention to automobilism about the time of the passing of the Light Locomotives on Highways Act. He studied motor mechanics in the works of what

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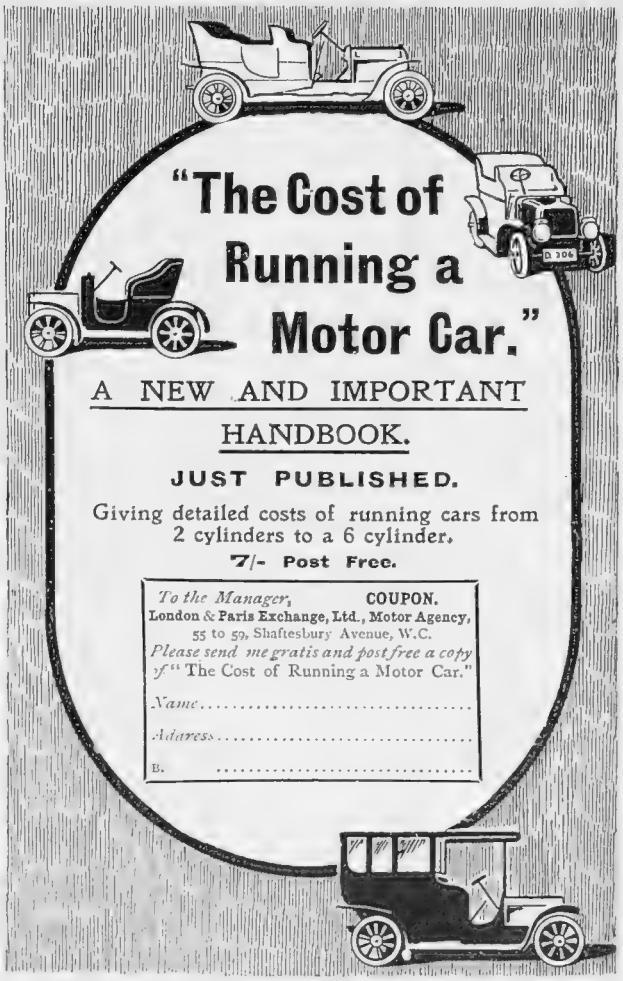

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was then known as the Great Horseless Carriage Company. A couple of years later he joined the famous Daimler Company of Coventry, managing the London business of that concern until 1903, when he resigned in order to take up the position of general manager and director of the Brotherhood-Crocker motor works, now known as the Sheffield Simplex Company, for the design of whose cars he is responsible. In the early days Mr. Richardson played a prominent part in all the principal parades and in the historic Thousand Miles run of 1900 he drove a little 6 h.-p. Daimler with singular success, carrying as passengers Colonel Magrath and Sir John MacDonald, the Lord Chief Justice of Scotland. D. M.

* * *

The New Two-seated 14-16 h.-p. Argyll

This car is a two-seater fitted on a 14-16 h.-p. chassis, the panel being made of the usual convex shape commonly used for limousine bodies. Behind that the platform is built up to the seat level, and fitted with the usual rubber top for carrying luggage. In the event of it not being used for this purpose, a concealed seat, which folds entirely out of sight, can be raised, leaving a well in the box for the accommodation of the feet, and making very comfortable seating accommodation for one person. Over the front two seats a detachable limousine top is fitted, complete with the front wind screen, which is easily detachable. This is the type of car for which doctors in particular have been anxiously waiting for a long time

Miscellanea

Mr. William Poto of the well-known firm of Poto and Radford, knows more than a little about the motor-car and its requirements. Consequently an experience of his, substantiating the claim for Hutchinson tyres that they "wear longest" will be read with more than usual interest. "I am using two Hutchinson tyres on a six-cylinder car," he writes, "one on the back wheel and one on the front wheel. These were put on last July at the same time as two covers of other makes, and from the experience I have had, I am able to endorse your statement that the Hutchinson tyres 'wear longest.' The two tyres of your make have had exactly the same work as the other two, but whilst these latter required retreading after six months' use, the Hutchinsons appear to be as good as new, as far as wear is concerned, though they show a few cuts, etc., from flints on the road. From the excellent condition in which these tyres are after seven months' hard work, I feel confident in continuing to use them, and I shall recommend them to others."

The ubiquitous motor-car is now to be put to official use in Western Africa. Two 18 h.-p. four-cylinder "Siddeley" cars built by the Wolseley Tool and Motor-car Co., Ltd., of York Street, Westminster, are being sent to Nigeria. One is a four-seated phæton, fitted with Cape-cart hood, and is intended for the personal use of the Governor, Sir Percy Girouard. The second car is to be used as a luggage cart, and for the attendant natives.

An instance of the Continental sportsman's determination to use a good article, irrespective of its place of origin, is afforded in the fact that the three Itala cars entered for the Grand Prix de France and Grand Prix d'Italie have been fitted with Dunlop tyres, which of late years have become almost as popular on the Continent as in England.

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionnaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT.—For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.

Photo] **The First Stage of the New York-Paris Race: Passing through a typical New England township** [*Halftones, Ltd.*

The first stage of the much-advertised New York to Paris race does not seem to have been the least arduous. The country traversed between New York and Chicago has been of the most trying description, the roads in between the townships either being practically non-existent or rendered impassable by snow and ice. The smallest towns, however, show the greatest enthusiasm and interest in the progress of the competitors through their midst

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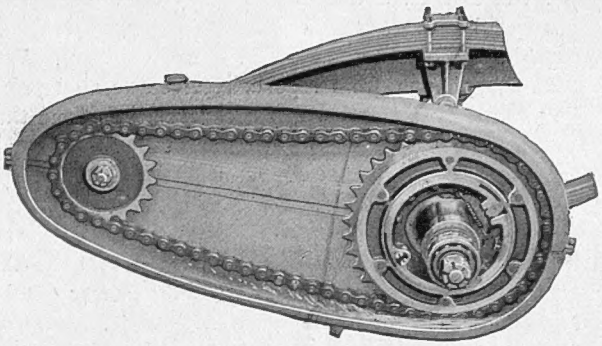

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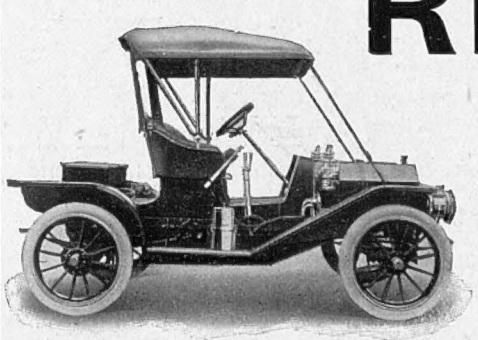

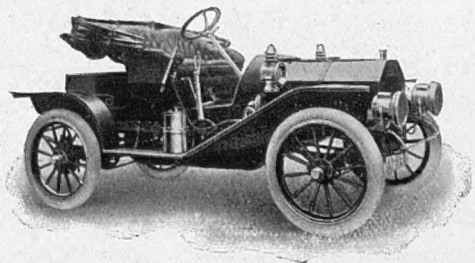

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

If it were not for the theatres, life, viewed from the point of clothes, would be intolerably dull. Constant changes, however, consequent on poor successes, have kept both modiste and fashion chronicler busy. We shall not, though, from reports received at all hands, be provided with further sartorial revelations from the Kingsway for some long time to come, and in the second act of *Diana of Dobson's* the frocks worn undoubtedly command attention.

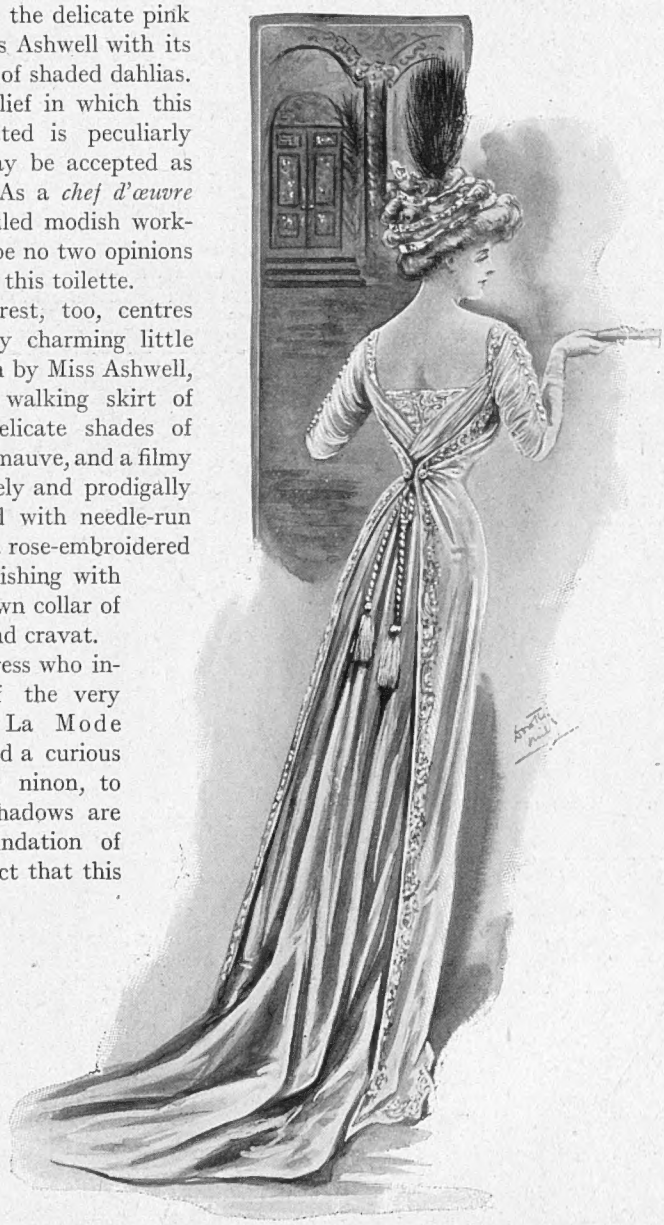
Although Miss Lena Ashwell is not one of the most notoriously good dressers, she has yet the most valuable gift, distinction, and certain little characteristic affectations, such as the collarless throat, that are every whit as welcome as the most perfected presentments regulated under the auspices of La Mode. Naturally, the confection to excite the greatest attention is the delicate pink chiffon worn by Miss Ashwell with its glorious embroidery of shaded dahlias. The high padded relief in which this embroidery is effected is peculiarly emphasised, and may be accepted as a sure prediction. As a *chef d'œuvre* and example of skilled modish workmanship, there can be no two opinions as to the triumph of this toilette.

Considerable interest, too, centres round the essentially charming little morning gown, worn by Miss Ashwell, comprising a kilted walking skirt of striped tweed in delicate shades of hydrangea blue and mauve, and a filmy white net blouse finely and prodigally tucked and trimmed with needle-run lace, mounted over a rose-embroidered chiffon, the neck finishing with a dear little turn-down collar of embroidered lawn and cravat.

Miss Ivor, an actress who invariably carries off the very latest dictates of La Mode with *éclat*, is accorded a curious chocolate shade of ninon, to which fascinating shadows are imparted by a foundation of mauve silk. The fact that this is more or less a tailor-made enhances the vividness of the interest attached to the gown, the which, by the way, is trimmed with cloth.

Well-merited Recognition

A week or two back I gave some particulars of the clever Claverie Hair Wavers, an illustration of which, in use, appears on the next page. I am delighted to hear that they have received their due in high quarters, for the makers have been awarded a gold medal in connection with the Dress Exhibition at Earl's Court. In making this award the Exhibition authorities declared that it was one of the cleverest inventions they had ever seen. For the benefit of those who may not have read my first remarks, I should like to say that the appliance consists of a broad and short band of elastic, in which a strand of hair is encased, the slot first being pulled out to its fullest extent and then permitted to contract, when the hair will be formed into the most natural of waves. Like most really clever inventions, its chief merit consists in its absolute simplicity, and I am sure it will meet with the recognition it deserves.



The Value of the Back View

As expressed by Miss Ethel Matthews' evening gown, which she wears in *The Woman of Kronstadt*. The dress is of grey satin, with silver embroideries

(By Dorothy Millar)

The Value of a Back View

It seems to me that I have been talking incessantly of late of the *arrière* aspect, and I can only plead in extenuation its immense importance. Almost instinctively, on being introduced to a fresh model, one seeks to find out if the back view has sufficient character and decision, to warrant it a first place in one's approval. The overdress or tunic, about which so much is being written and talked, is likely to enforce more than anything the elaboration of the back, and it is of marked significance that a consensus of artistic opinion selected the evening gown worn by Miss Ethel Matthews in *The Woman of Kronstadt* for pictorial presentment, our artist providing a peculiarly faithful portraiture of this lovely, grey satin meteor gown, with its silver embroideries. The crossed fichu drapery of grey chiffon over the embroidery is most telling as are the dear little closely draped sleeves, ornamented up the top of the arm with a line of silver discs. The plagiarisms on this gown will be many, and the fates only grant there may not be an undue number of parodies.

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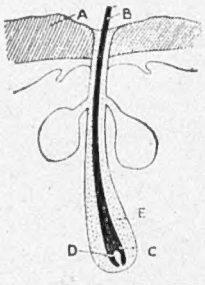
SOME weeks have now elapsed since we first made our great offer of **Free Removal** of **Superfluous Hair** by the **"Pomeroy Method"** of Electrolysis. Without abusing the confidences of any of our patrons, we can say at once it has been, and still is a

GREAT SUCCESS.

This "proof by experience" has had just the effect we anticipated. The very boldness of the offer has carried confidence and conviction to many ladies (and there are many more yet) who have supposed that **all** electrolysis treatments were more painful (often harmful too) than effectual. It has induced them to try the

"POMEROY METHOD"



And once having experienced its quickness, practical painlessness, absolute permanence and freedom from all scar, they have not hesitated to take whatever further treatment was necessary for the removal of other hair.

We wish we could mention a few of the ladies who have been turned from doubt to delighted conviction by the freedom from the annoying hirsute blemish afforded by the "Pomeroy Method."

What has surprised them more than anything else is the confident skill and the unassuming yet scrupulous care of the

POMEROY LADY EXPERTS.

It has long been our claim that we have the largest, cleverest, and most cultured staff of lady electrolysis operators in the Kingdom. All are fully qualified in every way. They know, as by instinct, when the electric needle has reached the hair-producing papilla marked (D) at the bottom of the hair (B) in the diagram. They know by experience the exact current needed in every case. Long practice has taught them the urgency of antiseptic cleanliness and the value of sympathy for a successful result. Hence the **entire absence** of all the **scar, pain, inflammation** or **failure,** which so often characterise other methods of electrolysis. Does this not assure you?

We **guarantee, without charge and in strict confidence,** absolutely and **permanently to remove** five superfluous hairs from the face of any lady who has not tried Pomeroy Electrolysis. All you need to do is, write or call to-day if possible for appointment, in order to enable us to give you the free demonstration without delay.

MRS. POMEROY, Ltd.,

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BIRMINGHAM—75, New Street. DUBLIN—67, Grafton Street.

New Bowler Crown Hat trimmed with Gold Galon and an Osprey

Fantasies in Feathers

There is no possible likelihood of stemming at present the extraordinary manœuvring of ostrich feathers. It was reserved perhaps, for the Exhibition at Earl's Court to show us *en masse* the extent of the ostrich feather frenzy.

One of the most advanced displays was that of the wholesale house of Macrone, subsequently bought up by a big West End retail establishment. Prominent in this wonderfully choice collection, was a *panache* of monumental height, executed in two shades of mole with three almost full length plumes, and a fourth in a very pale shade of salmon, the fantastic note being further augmented by an immense osprey shading from mole to pink. Although the majority of the examples are of the drooping weeping willow character, the amplitude of the fronds entirely does away with any poverty of appearance. Sometimes the fronds are swept down in an even line either side the stem, the first part one colour or perhaps white, and the second, at an even given line, some complete contrast. An amazing mount is composed of three brobdingnagian rosettes fashioned of tiny ostrich tips, curled the one round the other, always in three different colours. Another highly original idea is a giant butterfly in either white or black ostrich for wear on an evening gown. Then the new clipped feather pom-poms are eminently accessories to be sought, these recalling the distinguishing badges worn in the Guards' busby.

In lieu of silk and satin for covering hat shapes, *crêpe de Chine* is finding ready favour and there is also a big attempt being made to bring in even cretonnes. For childrens' wear, the cretonne idea is already in an advanced stage, and is responsible for some sweet little hats, the crowns hung with fringes of flowers, such as pink-tipped daisies, buttercups, or tiny rosebuds.

Evidence of the Bowler Shape

This is attractively displayed in the adjoined design of stretched *crêpe de Chine* in currant red, the brim lined with silk several shades paler, and the crown draped with dull gold galon and an osprey toned to the shape.

The Vogue of Blue and Cinnamon

At this time last year the first thought to jump to the mind was the popularity of purple. Purple hats, petticoats, and boas were ubiquitous, a theme that will be taken up this season by cinnamon, or, as it is frequently designated in the darker shade, Nankin. There is no doubt at all about this *nuance*; it is a very distinct thing, and not to be confounded with any of the other browns, while a popular alliance will be Copenhagen and Saxe blue. A particularly smart Shantung gown in Saxe blue that has gone South is arranged in the form of a pleated *trotteuse* skirt and short coatee, the latter just a little more than a bolero with cut-away fronts, boasting for sole relief narrow inner vest folds of cinnamon and white striped silk, outside which there came a similarly narrow line of soutache embroidery, blue on blue. And to wear with this was a fine blue chip hat, the brim lined with white basket straw, massed with shaded cinnamon roses with natural foliage.

It is highly probable we shall wear cinnamon cloth coats, very neatly made, with navy serge skirts, and a prophetic vision, furthermore, inspires me to suggest the smart possibilities of a Nankin coat of slightly picturesque character as the finishing accompaniment of a white linen *jupe*. And for the moment I will leave it at that.

The Royal Amateur Society

The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society will be held this year by kind permission of the Speaker and Mrs. Lowther, at the Speaker's House, Palace of Westminster, from April 2 to 6. Interesting prints of old Westminster, and a number of works of art by distinguished French amateurs, will be included in the exhibition. The profits will be divided between London Nursing Charities and the Westminster Hospital Fund. Intending exhibitors are invited to communicate with the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, 38, Rutland Gate, S.W.

Something New in Hair Wavers
Claverie's patent wavers in use. This invention was awarded a gold medal at the recent Earl's Court Dress Exhibition